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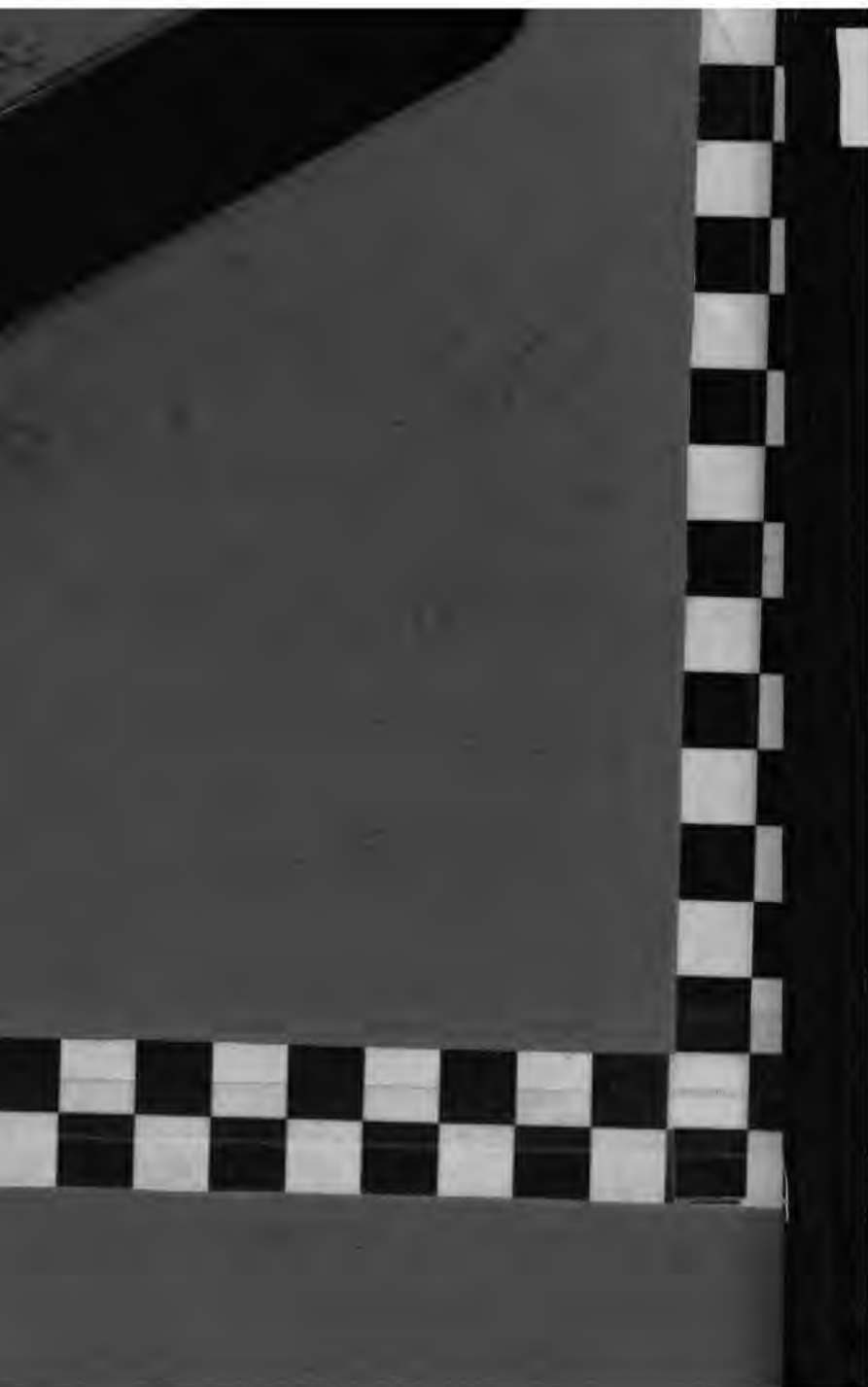
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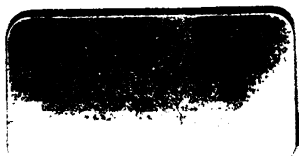


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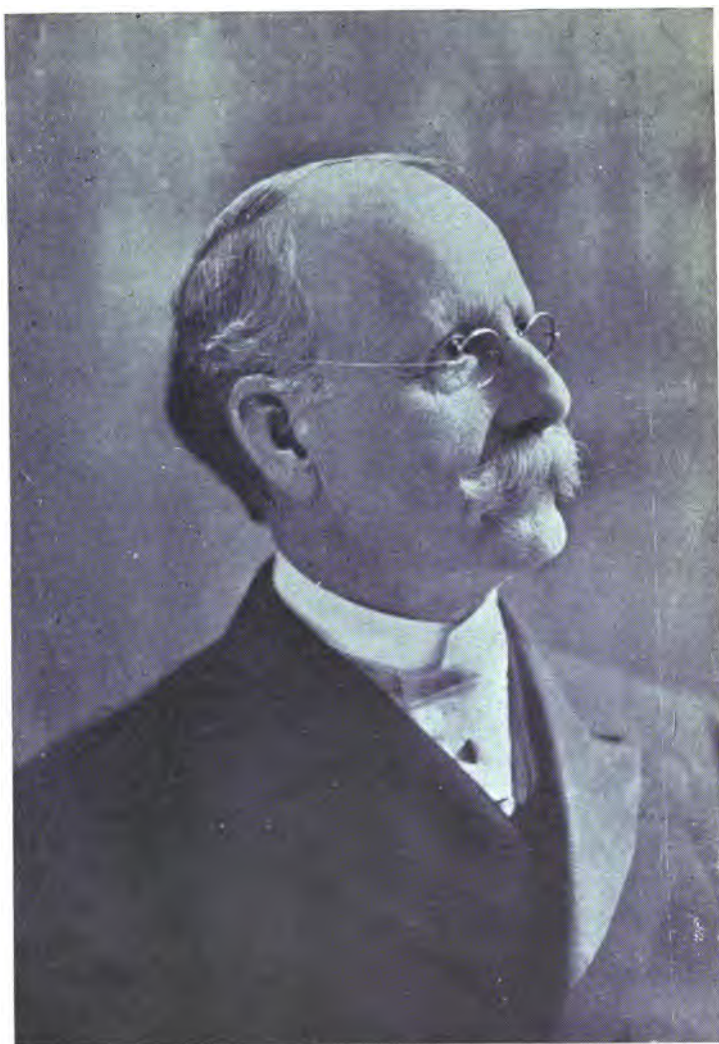
FROM SUNRISE TO
EVENING GLOW

HENRY D. MINBALL



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HENRY D. KIMBALL.

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Records of A Journey

FROM SUNRISE TO
EVENING GLOW

An Autobiography

BY

Henry D. Kimball, D. D., LL. D.

Dean of Kimball College of Theology; Author of
"Beyond the Horizon"

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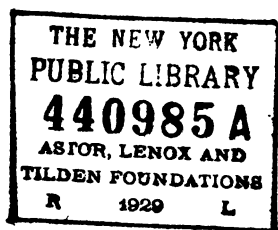
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FOREWORD

A FOREWORD is often a hindword. It is such in this case. The manuscript is in the hands of the publisher. It is an afterthought of the writer to offer an apology for claiming the reader's attention to the record of a relatively uneventful journey. His apology is that it is his one only journey. If he could make another, this writing had been postponed in the hope that he would make it more eventful. Moreover, in every life there are character-making events—events which have been most fruitful of that which is best and truest in personality—but which no man sensitive to the claims of others would care to disclose. Things strictly personal to the writer, and some things relating to others that can occasion no sense of grievance, have been recorded because of the light which they seem to shed upon the fact that life is wrought out under the watchful and gracious care of our Heavenly Father. Much of this life story was written with no thought of giving it to the public, but only for the pleasure of her whose life during recent years has been linked with it. But for the verdict of a few friends to whom the manuscript was submitted it would not have found its way to the publisher. It perhaps had been in better taste to have used the "tall, straight, personal pronoun" more freely. I will do so in offering a brief supplement to the book in its Foreword. Born in Raymertown, N. Y., I decided when three years of age to

FOREWORD

move to Poestenkill, and of course took my parents and the older children along. There was where I saw the Anti-rent cavalcade. My school life began in West Sandlake. The "Perilous Association" was formed in Guilderland, N. Y. I was converted in Lansingburgh, now included in Troy, N. Y. Other events are located in the narrative.

Retrospection has greatly strengthened my faith in the patient faithfulness of God, while the introspection which it incited has humbled me at His feet in penitential sorrow that in character and life I have not been more worthy of His love and more faithful to the trust committed to my keeping. For present or ultimate acceptance with God what I am and what I have done are surely insufficient basis. I rest on the unchanging love revealed in Jesus Christ, and confidently witness "Saved by Grace." In the hope that "Records of a Journey From Sunrise to Evening Glow" may strengthen faith and inspire faithfulness in those who read them the book is submitted to the verdict of the public, by which books are given the right to live or are consigned to oblivion.

HENRY D. KIMBALL.

Salem, Oregon.

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Records of A Journey



CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

IN the humble home of a country minister of the Lutheran Church in Raymertown, N. Y., was born, August 11, 1841, the subject of this sketch. His earliest memories are associated with the anti-rent movement in Rensselaer County, by which the owners of land sought to throw off the burden of taxation imposed by the descendants of the Van Rensselaer Patroon, to whom the Dutch originally made grant of the manor within the bounds of which lay the farms which had been cultivated by generations and yet were subject to the Patroon tax. Failing of success in the Court the landholders resorted to intimidation, and sometimes to violence. The tax collector was sometimes maltreated, and sometimes treated to a coat—of tar and feathers. The anti-renters often rode abroad, a frightful troop in costume, patterned after that of Indians on the warpath. Fresh in memory, as if it were an incident of yesterday, is the appearance of mounted men, terrible in masks and paint and feathers, brandishing their tomahawks as they rode through the little village shouting in guttural tones, "Down with the rent!" Great was the temerity of him who should shout in reply, "Up with the rent!" But this boy of four years, standing on the porch with his two older brothers, knew no fear,

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for he had recognized in the cavalcade the horse which often stood at the hitching post in front of the parsonage while its rider was "paying his attentions" to a sister then budding into womanhood. In the liberty with which this fact inspired him he lifted his little voice in the cry, "Up with the rent!" The horsemen wheeled and, riding to the very door, with lifted tomahawks, gave one blood-curdling shout, "Down with the rent!" The end of the boy's courage had come, and roughly seized by his older brother he was hurried into the house and the door was bolted.

It may be doubted if the favoritism shown to the youngest child of a large family by the parents is any compensation for the petty authority which the older children are disposed to exercise. There were six children in this parsonage home, and our subject as the youngest sometimes resented the demands made upon him by his seniors. But on the whole his early child life was a happy one. The memories he has most sacredly cherished, and which have been most influential in shaping his life and character, gather about the family altar and the religious instruction of his home. There was an element of rigor in the discipline of that home which in these days of diminished parental authority might seem to many unkind, and some might think that a stronger term would better designate it. It was administered on the principle that the parent stands to the undeveloped child in the place of God; that parental authority not only has divine sanction, but is to be exercised after the manner of Him who requires unquestioning

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

obedience to every "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not." The child of whom we write never thought to question the reason of a command. It was enough that the command had been given, and he knew that disobedience would be followed by punishment in some form. He was therefore usually obedient in action, if sometimes rebellious in spirit. There were times when he covertly disobeyed, but his sin always found him out, and the penalty had to be endured. But there was kindness with the severity, and a faithfulness in Christian training that has ever been in his riper years matter of sincere gratitude. That family altar! The reverent reading of the Scriptures—never in haste, but always with the seeming thoughtfulness becoming such a service; and the prayer, its humble confession, its tender pleading, its grateful worship, offered with a voice mellow with feeling, firm with confidence and faith in the mercy of God.

Is it strange that the little boy's heart was touched by this tenderness, that he thought of his own occasional disobedience and in his soul justified the sharpness of the correction which it had brought upon him?

Among the memories which he has carried through a long life is one of special sacredness. One day entering the study quietly, as he always did, he found his father pacing the floor and convulsed with emotion. Waiting silently for recognition, and not receiving it, he at last ventured to his father's side and touched his hands as they were clasped behind him. Conscious of the child's presence the father turned,

RECORDS OF A JOURNEY

lifted and pressed him to his bosom, saying, "Henry, you will not break your pa's heart when you are grown to be a man, will you?" And then in words which the boy understood he talked most lovingly of the kind of man he hoped his boy would become—a good Christian man, loving and serving God. Holding the child in his arms he knelt beside the study chair and prayed for him while tears fell upon the little head, which were ever remembered as a baptism more sacred and influential than that which in after years he received on profession of faith. Is it strange that the mind of a child so reared was early filled with thoughts of God? That his greatest fear was of offending Him, and his chief desire to please Him?

One of the strange things in his training is that while he was taught by example and precept to pray, he was never taught a form of prayer. Not one of those simple forms familiar to most children did he learn before he was well in his teens. Nor was he required or expected to utter a prayer in any one's hearing. Yet he can not remember the time in early childhood when in thought he did not pray. The mother having tucked him in his trundle bed would say, after waiting in silence a few moments, "Has my little boy prayed?" Never was he asked if he had "said his prayer." It might be objected to this teaching that it is unreasonable to expect a little child to formulate a prayer. And this is doubtless true of the child who seldom hears prayer, but to one reared in the atmosphere of prayer, in a home where

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

the conversation is almost exclusively on religious subjects, and where the Bible instruction has made him less familiar with the strength of Samson and the prowess of David than with the coming of Christ to save a lost world and His great ministry of love and suffering that He might ransom us from the power of sin—to a child so reared the language of prayer would be more natural than that of the street. Nevertheless, we believe the custom a wise one of teaching the child a form of prayer.

When only six years old, Henry came under the influence of a man who filled his mind with nervous fear. This man was the predecessor of the boy's father in the Church to which the father had just been called. When the Kimball family moved into the parsonage this man of unbalanced mind often spent an evening with them, when in the most weird way he would tell of ghosts he had seen—how they had sometimes entered the room in which the family was then sitting, though the door was bolted, and how they would noiselessly pass into the adjoining room where he slept (and where the boy was to sleep that night): how they approached his bed slowly with outstretched hands and bony fingers—how in terror he covered his head and felt them pulling the bed-clothes! It is easy to imagine the horror which seized upon that child's mind, and none need be surprised by his confession that into the years of his manhood he sometimes found himself at night haunted by that horror. Reason as he would, faithless as he was as to the existence of prowling ghosts,

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there were times when the unreasoning terror would so seize him that he could not resist the impulse to peer into the darkness to make sure that he was alone. Laugh at this as we may—some of us who laugh may have had a like experience. Superstitious? No. Nervous? Yes.

When nine years of age the boy was alone with his parents, the older children having gone from the home-nest. It was then that the mother came into closer touch with her boy. Her household cares were diminished, giving her greater freedom. But more than this is the fact that according to the custom of that time and place it mattered not how many rooms there were in a house, one room was the living room of the family. In that room was performed the work of the household. The daughters sat at the windows sewing to eke out the meager salary of the father. He, in cold weather, that fuel might be saved, made this room his study. The mother, except in summer, made it her kitchen. For all it was the dining room. How could the mother get close to her boy, how win his confidences, how impart heart-to-heart instruction in such conditions? When the older children had gone out into the world—the daughters into homes of their own, the two sons, one to teaching and the other to clerking—mother and boy were often alone together, and then was perfected that comradeship, those sacred confidences in which the boy threw open his soul to the mother's inspection, and received her responsive thought and sympathy as never before. He carried

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

into manhood, and believes he will carry with him into the future world the sweet memories of the times when, knowing that she would be alone he hurried from school at the close of the day that he might enjoy companionship with her. Ah, those days when with head in her lap and under her caressing touch he listened while she read to him the story of some life illustrating the blessedness of early consecration to God, while his heart throbbed with holy longing to be a good and true follower of the Savior. Her caressing hand felt the tears he fain would hide, and then, the book laid aside, she would lovingly encourage his trust in Jesus. Memories these which followed him into the few years of his wandering, ever tugging at his heart and clamoring through his conscience.

EARLY SCHOOL LIFE

At the age of seven the boy was sent to school, ignorant yet of alphabet and numbers. It was his father's notion that the child-mind was not helped but hindered in its development by too early instruction in these things. Those first days in school were days of humiliation and shame as the boy stood before the teacher with children much younger than himself, conscious of his relative ignorance. It was only for a few weeks, however, for he quickly passed from alphabet to words of one syllable, and before the close of the term he stood in a class with pupils older than himself. But a halt was called in his progress when he reached Arithmetic and Geography.

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He feels while he writes something of the confusion he suffered in trying to solve the intricate problem, "If ten oranges cost forty cents, what will one orange cost?" It was not so much the problem as the formula for its solution that confused him. This required him to state it after this fashion: "If ten oranges cost forty cents, one orange will cost as many cents as ten is contained in forty. Ten is contained in forty four times, therefore, if ten oranges cost forty cents one orange will cost four cents."

It did not occur to the teacher that there might be a pupil in the class who did not know the meaning of the words "contained" and "therefore."

There was at least one such pupil.

Geography was another source of vexation. It was the outline maps that puzzled us. These were hung on the walls of the schoolroom as high as the ceiling would permit. Mountains, rivers, lakes, cities, were indicated by colors, lines, stars, etc., but not by names. The pupils studied their lesson standing under the outline map, heads thrown back in a most uncomfortable way, and with long "pointer" in hand, locating cities, tracing mountains and river courses. Let us confess it, there was at least one boy before those maps to whom the whole thing was utterly meaningless, and to whom the recitation was a terror from which he shrank as many a timorous martyr from scourging and burning. It did not occur to him that some of his mates might be equally dull and ignorant. He recalls the sense of shame and mortification that led him many times after recita-

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tion to ask to be excused, and, going behind the schoolhouse, he would reproach himself with tears of vexation for his dullness. For him there seemed no outlook for the future—nothing but the dullness and the stinging shame of it. Could not a teacher have helped such a boy? Yes, a qualified teacher could. But of the seven teachers of his childhood he can not recall that any one of them taught him anything. He learned some things—to read well, for which he was indebted chiefly to his father who was an interpretive reader, and to his early habit of observing the reading of others—a little of arithmetic, less of geography, and something of grammatical forms of speech.

A PERILOUS ASSOCIATION

When he was in his thirteenth year there came as teacher of the district school, a young man of unusual attractiveness to youth. He was of fine appearance, an athlete, a crayon artist, and had a genius for pen or pencil sketching. But a more corrupt and corrupting young man I have never known. He was vile, profane and unclean of speech, but knew how to hide these at will under cover of seeming refinement. He quickly became the boys' hero. Little by little the contagion spread. The thought and speech of boys and men were corrupted. His hand poured from the decanter at the public bar the liquor that for the first time passed clean and innocent lips. Strange that such a man could have been harbored in a Christian community! Several of the

RECORDS OF A JOURNEY

older boys quickly became tipplers, and some of them confirmed inebriates when they had hardly passed their majority. It was under the charm of this gifted but basely immoral teacher that the subject of this sketch so far violated his conscience and broke from his Christian teaching as to experience the most painful sense of condemnation. For nearly four years the habit of prayer was restrained. The boy realized that in the absence of a purpose of righteousness prayer would be a mockery. By inheritance and training of a reverent religious nature, now that he had chosen the evil, that religious nature itself seemed to combine with his evil tendencies to push him into lower depths of sin. Had conscience been less clamorous he might not have become a trifler with sacred things for the amusement of his associates. Is it not often the youth of Christian training whose blasphemies are the most shocking? Is it not because conscience condemns him so sharply—is so vigorous in its reproaches—that he must either yield to its authority or silence its voice by a reckless defiance?

It pains me to recall those years, and I make this record of my early sin with keenest shame. It was I who did those things. My identity with that youth of fifty-five years ago is a fact which neither time nor eternity can wear out of consciousness.

What a faithful monitor is conscience! It never ceased to assert its authority in this youth's experience. His thoughts by day and his dreams by night were of terrible retribution.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

There were times also when he mourned over his lost innocence, times when if the guiding hand of a Christian had been stretched out to him he might easily have been led to the Savior. But no one who might have helped him knew either of his sin or of his longing.

CONVERSION AND CHRISTIAN WORK BEGUN

It was in the winter of 1857-58 that the report of a remarkable revival in a former Church of his father was the frequent subject of conversation in the family. Some of the friends of his earlier childhood had been converted. As he listened, he thought: "I wish there might be a revival here. Perhaps I would be converted." The next Sunday his heart was deeply stirred with hope as he heard the announcement made by the pastor of the Methodist Church that "A protracted meeting will begin next Tuesday eve." His purpose was formed at once to put himself under the influence of those meetings. Accordingly on Tuesday evening this boy slipped from his home by the rear door, passed through an alley to avoid his associates, only to find several of them standing at the entrance of the church. Hurrying past them he entered and took his seat among the serious worshippers, with the purpose of yielding himself to the influence of the meeting, as he could not if in the company of his associates. Before the close of the sermon his soul was profoundly stirred with a sense of guilt and his need of the Savior. He had no thought that

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God was striving with him: it was simply the influence of the service. He was earnestly appealed to by those who observed his deep emotion to "go to the altar for prayers." No doubt they thought him very willful and stubborn because of his refusal. They did not know perhaps what it meant to him to "go to the altar;" that no "feeling" could be so intense as to take him there; no power of persuasion could induce him to go. To him that was God's altar, and to approach it under mere stress of feeling without a fixed purpose henceforth to be a Christian at any cost, would be sacrilegious.

So with full appreciation of their kindness and thankful for their interest, he refused their appeals. Was he stubborn? God knows. More than fifty years lie between the man penning these words and the boy who for two weeks nightly replied, "No, thank you!" to every invitation to "go forward." The man here records the judgment that it was not a rebellious spirit that inspired that boy. He could not have desired more earnestly than he did to be a Christian. In every way known to him he sought to cherish this desire. He avoided the associations that might divert his thought from the subject of religion. He attended every service, and was careful to be seated among Christians. One evening, when occupying the second pew from the altar, a Christian youth came and pleaded with him to go forward. He was very insistent in his pleading, and no doubt very loving, but he was not tactful. Henry's attention was diverted from the service in progress

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by this friend's whispered appeals; his feelings were chilled; he found himself growing impatient—almost angry. He said: "Please leave me, and let me listen to the prayers. I am losing all feeling, and do n't want to." He went! An Englishman was just beginning to pray for "the souls bowed at the '*halter*.'" He was a godly man. Henry, who knew him as such, was lifted by that prayer out of his irritation into most intense longing for peace with God. But could such as he ever know that peace? Could he maintain it if he found it? *Was he stubborn?* Might it not rather be said he was too conscientious to take an outward step without inward conformity to that which such step should always represent?

Is there not a reason to fear that as Christian workers we are not always as patient with those upon whom the Divine Spirit is working as we ought to be? Men are sometimes "struck under conviction," repent, and are saved in an hour. But this is an unusual experience. Oftener the process is gradual. One by one, and little by little the soul's defences of evil are broken down, till only one stronghold remains—and that one of ignorance more than of sin. An uninstructed conscience may be the guard of this stronghold. The successful winner of souls will discern between a stubborn resistance of the Holy Spirit and the misapprehension of provisions of grace in Jesus Christ. He will seek by instruction rather than by reproof to help such a soul to see that the mission of Christ is to save—not the righteous, but the sinful, the guilty, and helpless. He will try

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to show him that no measure of unworthiness, no degree of guilt is a barrier against the saving mercy of our Lord to the penitent soul; that distrust of the Savior's willingness to save such a soul and keep him unto eternal life is the one only barrier to his salvation, now and forever. The impression has deepened with the gathering years that the reason so many honest seekers fail to enter into conscious relations of peace with God, is either that false or faulty instruction is given, or no instruction whatever. Utter mental confusion is the state of many sincere penitents who do not regard themselves as seekers. The one only thing needful to bring them to the feet of our Lord is enlightenment. To talk to such souls of unwillingness to abandon their sins is downright cruelty. To have done forever with sin in all its known forms is their supreme desire. There is nothing they would hesitate to do which might realize that desire. They may refuse "to go forward," or to "stand up," or to "lift their hand," because of the conviction of their inability to do that to which such acts would pledge them. They are waiting—not in willfulness—but like Saul of Tarsus, in spiritual blindness—with the unvoiced and unconscious prayer, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" It is for you, O Christian worker, to voice the Lord's answer to that prayer. Show them that they have mistaken their task; that it is not for them to save themselves, nor for them to maintain a Christian life; but in their penitence to trust the Lord to save and keep them now and

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forever. Inspire them with this hope, and in thought, purpose, and spiritual act they will hasten to the Savior—perhaps by way of the altar or inquiry room, though it matters little how.

During two long weeks the boy of whom we write lingered on the border of the Kingdom in deep conviction and the "sorrow which worketh repentance." He is unable to recall that a helpful word was spoken to him. The services sustained and strengthened his desire to be a Christian, but no guiding words reached him. That such words were spoken there is no reason to doubt, but somehow they did not reach him. Except the consciousness of sin and the sin-hating God, all was vague, distant, impossible.

There came an evening when as the congregation was singing the hymn

"And must I be to judgment brought
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought
And every word I say?"

Repeating the chorus after each stanza—

"The judgment day is rolling round,
Prepare to meet thy God!"

one of this boy's associates—the one least likely of them all to become a Christian—stepped from a group of young fellows in the rear to his side and said, "If you will go to the altar, I will." In an instant hope was kindled, and with soul flooded with emotion he answered, "I'll go, and by the grace of God I'll

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stick to it." He bowed at the altar, stirred to the depths of his soul, but prayerless, save as

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed."

Later analysis of his experience at that hour revealed to him the fact that the awful sense of sin—either as an act or a series of acts—was not then asserted in his consciousness. His thought was of his helplessness—his inability to live the Christian life unless a great change were wrought in him. What that change might be he did not even vaguely apprehend, nor when or how it might be effected, but to himself he said, "Live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish," I will never cease trying to be a Christian. And yet he did not pray! An elderly man, bending over him, asked, "Are you praying?" He replied: "No, sir. It would be wicked for me to pray." "But there is one prayer any penitent sinner can offer." "What is that, sir?" "Why, the prayer of the publican—" Before the sentence was finished the boy, knowing well what that prayer was, cried at the top of his voice, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" The sound of his own voice startled him into consciousness of his surroundings. He thought of his friends at the rear of the congregation as laughing at him. Then another thought—*Whence did it come?*—"This is a temptation of the devil." With this thought he cried again—not in a spirit of bravado, but sincerely and humbly, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

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Rising from our knees, "testimonies" were called for by the pastor, and the "seekers" were especially urged to speak. After some hesitation, the boy arose and announced his purpose in these words: "I am determined, live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish, not to give up seeking till I am saved." Then turning to the congregation and appealing to his comrades, he exclaimed:

"Turn sinner, turn! Why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why."

At the close of this meeting several said, "Henry, I believe God has saved you." Others inquired, "How do you feel now?" He did not know how to answer. He was conscious of a change of *feeling* since taking this step, but he was sure he was not *converted*. For three successive evenings he was among the first to present himself at the altar for prayer. On the third evening, at the close of the public service, he was invited by a young merchant to go with him and a few others to his store for a season of prayer. In that little company, every one of which was deeply interested in the work of revival, was one Baptist, two Presbyterians, one Episcopalian, and several Methodists. Each of them prayed that Henry might be converted then and there, and the young Episcopalian was not less fervent than the others. Henry felt that the hour had come. He resolved that he would not leave that place till he was saved—saved from the power of his baser self, and made a true disciple of Jesus Christ. He broke into vocal

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prayer, poured out his very soul in confession of his wayward nature, his utter self-helplessness, and cried—yes, *cried*—to God to save him for Jesus' sake. A ray of light seemed to penetrate the spiritual darkness. Was it light—light from the Mercy Seat? Surely the lamp of Hope was lighted. Could it be the Lord was answering? Was this thrill of soul, this beginning of confidence, the forerunner of the entrance of His saving, delivering power? The boy was silent for a few moments, hushed, calmed as in the Divine Presence. In these moments confidence increased, and he broke the silence with the softly murmured prayer, "Make it clearer, Lord," and quick as thought the answer came. Again and again that simple prayer was repeated, and each time light, confidence, assurance increased. And then he prayed, "O Lord, make it so clear there will be no room for doubt." It was done. Every vestige of doubt disappeared. A power of deliverance surged through his moral being, like a river, deep, full and mighty, sweeping before its resistless current "all things that offend," giving life and power to do God's holy will. Thrilled with peace, thrilled with joy, as unlike any other joy he had ever known, as light is unlike darkness; thrilled with a sense of Almighty love and faithfulness, is it strange that he shouted, laughed, and wept for gladness? Do we not read that the disciples under the Pentecostal baptism were suspected of being under the influence of wine? Why should the apostle say, "Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with

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the Spirit?" Does not the juxtaposition of the words wine and Spirit suggest a similitude in respect to the exhilarating power of each? Does not the Spirit when He mightily enters the soul of man produce an exhilaration of mind and body which justifies this exhortation of the apostle? May it not be that the steadfastness of some souls in their early religious experience depend as others may not, on the exhilarating power of the Holy Spirit? However this may be, we gratefully record the fact that during the first few years of his experience this youth felt no need of the innocent pleasures of life, no need of social pleasure. "The joy of the Lord" filled his soul—satisfied him completely. This is not recorded as a pattern after which the experience of others should conform. It was *his* experience, and it was, we think, needful to his Christian steadfastness at that time.

Suddenly, with a hasty "good-night" to his friends, Henry sprang to the door, opened it and went bounding up the street. The thought of *mother* had seized him. He knew she would be waiting his return, though it was midnight. He rushed into the house, and bursting into the room where the mother sat waiting, he fairly shouted, "Glory to God, mother, I am saved." Instantly the spectacles went up and tears of joy rolled from the dear gray eyes. That was an hour to be remembered, but not to be described.

The next day as the boy looked upon the hills back of the city he recalled a text of Scripture which he had recently read, wondering what it could mean,

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"Then shall the hills break forth into singing, and the trees shall clap their hands for joy," and he exclaimed, "Bless the Lord! I know now; everything sings and claps its hands for joy."

Encouraged by the older brethren, Henry at once became active in the meetings. A few evenings after his conversion, while the invitation for any who would seek the Lord to come forward was being pressed, he started down the aisle to speak with his brother, who was seven years his senior and unconverted. The pastor followed him with these words, "The Lord bless that young man!" Never did he feel an electric current more sensibly than he felt strength and courage flow into his soul. The diffidence with which he contended in starting was gone. He forgot the people who were looking on, and the thought of winning his brother for Christ was his only thought. But he did not succeed, and returning to the altar, the singing ceased, and the pastor said, "Let us kneel in prayer." Hardly did his knees touch the floor when the boy, without a thought of doing so, began to pour forth his soul in vocal prayer for the unsaved who were dear to him. For him to have thought of doing that would have made the doing impossible.

EMPLOYED AS CLERK

A few weeks after his conversion the boy was engaged to serve as clerk in the store of his oldest brother in Greenbush, opposite the city of Albany. His widowed sister rented an apartment there, and

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thus a home was provided for him. On the first evening, while most of the household goods were yet unpacked, a family altar was erected. The mother was there, having come to assist her daughter in "settling" the new house. Henry, taking a small Testament from his pocket, said, "Shall we not have family worship to-night?" Holding the Testament in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, he began to read. Tears of gratitude and holy joy so blinded him that he unconsciously brought candle and book so close together that the leaves of the book were suddenly ablaze. This incident would doubtless have been very amusing to an indifferent onlooker, but for that little company it simply abbreviated the evening lesson, and the seriousness of the prayer that followed was undisturbed. As the good-night was spoken, the son saw in the eyes of mother and sister the light of peace and reverent gladness. The fire never died out on the altar, thus built, while brother and sister lived together.

Henry asked of his brother in whose employ he was but one favor. He said: "I will not want to go to the theater or to any place of entertainment. I ask only to be allowed to attend the mid-week prayer-meeting." The answer was, "You may feel free to do so except on evenings when we are unusually busy." That brother was not a professed Christian, but he revered religion, was a regular Church attendant and supporter. In relations which afforded constant observation of his conduct and spirit the boy never but once witnessed anything that would be censured

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in a Christian man, and that was when he told a customer that a statement he made of a business transaction was a d——d lie. The noun could not be challenged, but the adjective on his lips astonished the boy. The brother felt it and blushed to his hair as his eye met the surprised look of Henry.

To that brother's honor let it be recorded that he seemed to make note of special meetings announced from the pulpit, and to arrange as far as possible so that Henry might attend them. What the mid-week meetings were to this youth words can not express. He went to them with bounding heart. As he knelt with the worshipers, his sense of the divine presence was so distinct as almost to overwhelm him with grateful joy. Nor was this a rare experience. It was uniformly true that wave after wave of blessing would sweep over him till, without thinking to do it, praise would fairly burst from his lips in shouts of "Glory! Hallelujah!" In after years he wondered how the good people of that Church endured his noisy demonstration, and once he sought one of its most cultured families to inquire. For answer he was told, "Your shouting was not a disturbing element in the meetings, for we all knew it was genuine and that you could not help it." How glad he was to be told this, for he knew that under the gracious revelations of the Spirit which were then given he could not restrain those spontaneous expressions of grateful worship. At that stage of his experience the shouting could have been prevented only by ceasing to cherish the manifestation of God to his soul. The

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Christian forbearance of the people of that Church has ever been remembered with sincere gratitude.

CALL TO PREACH

Early in the summer of '58 Henry was thrown into a state of consternation by the impression that it might be his duty to preach. How the impression came, or whence it came, he did not know. No one had ever suggested it to him. He later learned that it had been the hope of his parents from his birth, but they very wisely had given him no hint of their cherished hope. His pastor, under whose ministry he was converted, thought from the first that this boy would have to preach, and, as he later told him, had thought to turn his attention to a possible call by the remark, "I think the Lord has a work for you to do." But that remark awakened no thought of the ministry. The Lord has a work for every disciple: why not for him? Whence then could his impression have come? Could it have sprung out of a commendable desire to render the highest possible service to his Lord? But along with the impression was a realization of his utter inability to render acceptable service as a minister. A minister should be an educated man. He was ignorant and poor, without a relative who could aid him to get an education, yet the impression deepened till his soul was in agony. Was it of God, or was it a temptation of the evil one? He had not made it a subject of prayer until now. It had seemed absurd that he

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should inquire of the Lord about such a presumptuous thought. But his peace was now so broken, and his access to God seemingly so impossible, that he could endure it no longer. He determined to seek by prayer till he knew the will of God. Days passed. One noon-time he entered his room for prayer, as was his wont, in a state of desperation. *He must know*. God who had spoken peace and deliverance to his soul in the hour of his penitence, would not refuse to make known His will, and whatever that will might be, the Lord helping, he would obey. That half hour can never be forgotten. How God made known His will he can not say, but *He made it known*, and inspired his heart with confidence that He would open the way for him to do it.

GIVES HIMSELF TO READING AND PERSONAL WORK

Henry had on his conversion begun the prayerful study of the Scriptures with the aid of Clarke's Commentary, a volume of which he kept under his counter in the store. Moments of leisure from his duties as clerk were given to the study of the gospel. One day when the pastor found him thus engaged he questioned him about his reading, and offered to loan him a work he had just read on "The Atonement," by Jenkyns, saying, "I think you will be able to sift the Calvinism out of it." It seems a strange thing that such a work should have been put into the hands of a boy of seventeen years, but the re-

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sult proved that it was wise. The reading of that book was beneficial in many ways. It gave the boy a power of concentrating attention, a conception of the atoning work of our Lord that greatly aided him spiritually; it also helped him to a mental grasp which he had not had before, and which served him well. In his further reading of other books he recalls with much satisfaction "Edwards on the Affections." In these studies he learned some things which he subsequently unlearned, but the study created a taste and habit of close reading.

He also found many opportunities for personal work with the unconverted. Among the regular customers were many railroad men, some of whom were profane and seldom entered a church. With many of these the boy talked freely on the subject of personal religion, and in no instance were his appeals received with disrespect. There was not a man among them who did not restrain profanity in his presence, and if by force of habit a profane word escaped them, they would turn toward the boy and, by look—and sometimes in words—apologize. Some of the men with whom he was in touch in a business way traced their conversion to these personal appeals. One night, on closing the store, he started homeward in company with a man of more than twice his years. This was the boy's opportunity. It was midnight when the two parted on a street corner, the man promising to seek the Lord, and the boy promising to pray for him. That man was converted and lived a consistent Christian life.

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One evening, at the supper hour, Henry was alone in the store when a lawyer entered on his way to his home. He made no purchase, but lingered seemingly with something preying on his mind. Henry felt that this was a divinely ordered opportunity, and he addressed the lawyer, who was at least forty years of age, on the subject of his personal salvation. His reply was as follows: "I came in hoping you would speak to me as you have. I have been much exercised of late in reference to this matter, and this afternoon called on our minister, thinking he would help me, but while we talked together on religious subjects in a general way, he said nothing to me about my personal salvation. I came away disappointed, and decided to call on Mr. ———, an elder. I did so, but he said nothing on the subject that is occupying my thought. I was greatly disappointed. Then I thought I'll stop in the store, and if he is at liberty I believe Henry will speak to me on this subject, and perhaps help me." For a half hour alone together the man opened his heart and the boy sought to encourage him to immediate surrender to God and trust in the Lord Jesus. Then, as a customer was entering, the two retired to the rear of the store for a few parting words, resulting in an engagement to go together to a cottage prayer-meeting to be held by a few Methodists that evening in East Albany. The engagement was kept, the lawyer was converted, and later united on profession of faith with the Church in which he had been reared, and was soon licensed to

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preach by the session of that Church. Through the years which lie between these incidents and their record herein made, the narrator has often wondered what it was that gave the boy the courage for such work with his seniors. Was it a sense of self-sufficiency? That would have defeated his efforts. Was it not rather: 1. The glow, the thrill, the joy of his own experience? 2. His innocence of the fact that Christian activity in the youthful disciple is often criticised by his elders as savoring of immodesty? He also took it for granted that any one, old or young, would regard an expression of interest in his salvation as a kindness. Was not this the secret of his success? In part, but only in part. He did not talk to all of his acquaintances, but only to those in whose spiritual welfare he became so deeply interested as to make them subjects of daily prayer.

GIVEN A CLASS IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

He was elected teacher in the Sunday school when seventeen years of age, and assigned to a class of girls, some of whom were older than himself. A few months after taking this class, revival meetings being in progress, several young ladies in another class were converted, while of those whom he had taught, and for whose salvation he had watched and prayed, not one had given any sign of seriousness. He reproached himself for lack of faithfulness, became greatly burdened, and prayed for them with much earnestness. The following Sunday he observed

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the same lightness and frivolity on their part. After vainly striving to impress the truth of the day's lesson, he sat silent. He could not repress tears, nor could he hide them. One of them spoke: "I am sorry to have pained you so by my silliness. Please forgive me." Others expressed themselves in a similar way. The teacher now recovered his voice and pleaded with them to seek the Savior as only a burdened soul could plead. All of them arose for prayer when, after the lesson, the invitation was given, and most of them gave good evidence of conversion.

Personal work for the salvation of men and women is much emphasized in the teaching of modern evangelism. And it is well. But backslidden and cold-hearted members of the Church are more likely to repel than to lead sinners to Christ. They may invite their friends to "Come round and hear our minister, who is a rattler;" or "Drop in some Sunday evening, we've the finest quartet in the city." We would not seem to condemn such efforts, for they are sometimes productive of good, in that the person accepting the invitation may find himself under an unexpected power of spiritual awakening. But this is about all a cold-hearted Church member can do in the way of personal work with the unconverted. Indeed, it is our conviction that for spiritually helpful personal work one needs a special anointing of the Spirit, such as prepares him for *that* specific work. The man of consistent Christian life—one who maintains "a conscience void of offense

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toward God and man"—needs by intercessory prayer to enter into the experience of "travail" for souls if he would be eminently successful in leading men to Christ. The flippancy of much of the modern methods of revival may add members to the Church without increasing her power. A religious jollification is not the means by which souls are born into the Kingdom. A trifler anywhere is an offense to good moral breeding, but a trifler at God's altar is an abomination.

CHAPTER II

FIRST SERMON. PREPARATION FOR MINISTRY IS BEGUN

IN the spring of 1859 Henry was licensed as an exhorter. This meant that he was authorized to hold meetings for prayer and exhortation. It were presumptuous under this license for him to announce a "text" upon which to discourse, but he might read a verse of Scripture as the basis of his exhortation. Accordingly, on invitation of a local preacher who lived a few miles out of town, it was arranged for him to speak in a schoolhouse where Sabbath services were regularly held. He had an interval of two weeks in which to make preparation for this initial experience in the work to which he felt himself to be divinely called. What weeks they were! Bounding pulse alternated with fainting heart. Prayer unceasing for help and inspiration. Thinking, as he went about his work in the store, or *trying* to think, what ought to be said on the verse chosen as the ground of his "exhortation;" and snatching moments when there was a lull in trade to pen his thoughts. *At last the awful Sunday came.* He stood before the little audience which had crowded the schoolhouse to hear "the boy's first sermon." Never has he felt more

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keenly the responsibility of standing in Christ's stead. Embarrassment soon passed. Self-consciousness was lost in enthusiasm. The verdict of the listeners was, "The boy preached," some said, "as if he were used to it." Early the next morning *the doctor was called and the boy was under his treatment for more than a week.*

A few weeks later he was invited to speak in the church of which he was a member and from the altar at which he had bowed as a penitent. An incident is here recalled which at the time greatly humiliated him. He was making an earnest appeal to his unconverted hearers to decide the all-important question at once. With extended hands he exclaimed, "O my friends, make no"—when the word "delay" refused to come to his lips, and the only substitute that offered itself was "*bones about it.*" These words he would not speak. There was nothing for him to do but to ignore the unfinished sentence, construct another in which the truant word would not be needed, and sit down in no little confusion.

In the fall of 1859 he entered the NEW YORK CONFERENCE SEMINARY, a school which at that time had become famous—having had an enrollment of over eight hundred students a few winters before. Its curriculum was superior to that of certain pretentious colleges of to-day. In its Faculty were men of genuine culture and Christian devotion to their work; men who sought alike to promote the spiritual welfare and the mental development of their students.

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From the halls of that institution, long since reduced to ashes, went forth young men who attained high rank in their several professions. When Henry became a student in that school the attendance had been reduced to a little less than two hundred, but the caliber and spirit of the Faculty were unchanged.

Hardly was the work of the term well under way when the spirit of revival came upon the school. Two or three short prayer-meetings were held each day. Conversions were numerous, and the experience of the converts was clearly defined. The tide of interest rose rapidly, and before the close of the quarter of eleven weeks there were only two students left unconverted, and they, unwilling to be swept into the Kingdom by the waves of spiritual power, which were well-nigh resistless, packed their trunks and went home. The facts were never known, but it was hoped that the prayers which followed them may later have proved effectual in their conversion.

The revivals did not stop with the students, but spread into the little village and adjacent country with undiminished power. At this remote time we can give no estimate of the number converted.

A small village, distant some six or eight miles, called Summit, was the next to share this remarkable spiritual awakening. The need of it was apparent to any stranger riding through the village in the stage coach. The two or three meeting houses witnessed by their dilapidated condition to the people's indifference to religion, while the hangers-on in the

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two hotel bar-rooms were in evidence of the low state of morals. If the writer ever knew, he can not now recall the beginnings of the revival in this unpromising field. His acquaintance with the work began when it was well under way.

Early one evening a large deep-boxed sleigh drawn by two horses stopped before the seminary entrance, and the driver made known in the office that he had come to carry any of the Faculty and students who were willing to help in the revival to Summit, adding that he would return such at the close of the service. In less than twenty minutes the volunteers, led by Professor Gale, were sitting in the straw on the bottom of the sleigh, covered by blankets and pieces of rag-carpet. A happier lot of fellows never went sleigh-riding, but their happiness was in the opportunity of helping in the work of God. On the clear, cold air their voices rang out along the way in familiar song. In that sleigh were Professor Gale, Reynolds, Hall, Rithenhouse, Stout, the writer, and two or three others whose names are not recalled. Professor Gale preached that evening with the sweetness and persuasiveness which characterized him. He was a shining, smiling embodiment of Christianity. As some in Summit were reported as saying, "You could pick religion off his face."

There were many seekers and some happy conversions that night. The professor was in his element. How his face did shine! Absolutely free from all self-consciousness, entering into the joy of newly-saved

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souls, he clapped his hands and shouted as they testified of the saving power of Jesus which they had just experienced. The pastor seemed disturbed as if he "had never seen it after this fashion." Stepping close to the professor we heard him say, "Brother, try to be more moderate; you will ruin your voice." At that instant Gale, who had ears only for the witness that was being borne, shouted at the top of his voice, "Glory to God," and from many lips that shout was echoed.

The meetings continued with increasing power, and helpers from the seminary were frequently in attendance. Strange manifestations occurred so often that they ceased to surprise us. One evening a man entered with the avowed purpose to break up the meeting. He stopped in the aisle, stood a few moments, and then fell to the floor with a cry for mercy. He was converted that night. At another time a woman came forward for prayers—but the altar was so crowded that she knelt in the aisle. The writer observed that she seemed greatly distressed, as if torn with anguish of soul, and he hastened to her side. In reply to his question she exclaimed, "O I am blind. I can not see." "You mean you are spiritually blind?" "O yes, I am that; but my eyes are blinded too. I can see nothing. Do you think God will have mercy on my soul and give back my sight?" In a little time she shouted, "Glory to God, I see again, and God has saved my soul." Strange phenomena these—stranger than any others

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witnessed in a long ministry. No psychological study in subsequent years has penetrated the mystery. Similar things have occurred under the observation of others, and explanations seemingly satisfactory to themselves have been given by many, but we prefer to leave them among the unsolved mysteries of man's mental and spiritual being.

What must be said of the discipline of a school that would allow its students to give so much time and expend so much nerve force in Christian work? Were not these young men in that institution for purposes of study, and was it not inevitable that work of such an exciting nature would divert their attention from study and thus impair the student habit?

This implied censure would very likely be made by some educators, among whom might be those who look with favor on athletic sports which put the contestants under great strain of nerve and muscle, imperiling life and limb, and which consume much time in training and in journeys to intercollegiate contests not always under the most helpful moral influences.

The facts are in regard to the young men of whose religious work we write, that they were among the best students in that institution; they maintained the highest grade in their studies, sustained no physical injury, and were *excused from none of their classes*.

We record no censure of the management of that institution on the ground of its recognition of the

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spiritual needs of its students—needs that were best subserved by the encouragement given by precept and example to Christian service. For half a century some of the results of that service have remained a perpetual blessing to lives that otherwise might long ago have gone out in darkness.

A LOVING PASTOR'S CRITICISM.

Early in the spring of 1860 Henry returned to his home to spend the brief vacation, during which the Quarterly Conference of his home Church licensed him as a local preacher. The pastor, Rev. Merritt B. Mead, invited him to preach at a Sunday evening service. At the close of the services this faithful pastor said: "My dear boy, why will you persist in drawing out your words so painfully. It takes much from the force of what you say." More than a year before the pastor had offered the same criticism. It was at the close of a prayer-meeting, when linking arms with the boy he said: "Do you know I could have offered the prayer you did to-night, word for word, in half the time you took? You draw out your words so, and the more earnest you become the longer do you draw them. Why not speak them and let go of them?" "Why, Brother Mead, if I do that I'll stop it, for I have thought you hold on to your words too much." From that time Henry set himself to overcome the habit of which he had been unconscious, at the cost of much spiritual com-

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fort in his private and public devotion. He would not let go of himself, but held the consciousness of his fault, speaking his words sharply and rapidly, until near the time when he first started for school. The dear pastor one night remarked, "Well, my boy, you have done well. You have overcome the habit, and perhaps have gone to the opposite extreme." It is simply impossible to express the joy that came with the thought, "Now I can enjoy prayer again, letting myself go without a care of how I do it." Nor can any one who has not had a somewhat similar experience understand what sacrifice of spiritual comfort to overcome the fault had involved. The only compensation had been in the consciousness that the sacrifice was made for the sake of a more effective service of the Master. And now, after six months of liberty from all watching against the conquered fault, he is told by the same dear pastor that he is again in its toils. He was sad that night but gritty. He set his teeth and clinched his hands—and prayed as he registered the vow to break that habit and keep it broken. Six months later, on again returning from school, he preached for his pastor, who at the close of the service told him that he had completely routed his old enemy. But he ever since has kept in mind the parable of the swept and garnished house.

Other young men have had faithful pastors, but for fifty years Henry has believed that in the Rev. M. B. Mead he found a pastor who for loving and tactful faithfulness could not be surpassed. In all

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these years, till 1908, when he passed to his reward, Mr. Mead practically maintained the relation of pastor to him who here records an acknowledgment of indebtedness beyond his power to compute. It was through his influence that the Church in Greenbush was led to pay the bill for the boy's room, board, and tuition in the seminary during the first school year of forty-four weeks. The weeks were few during all the school years that did not bring from his hand the kindest, most tactful pastoral letters counseling, encouraging, or warning, as the facts made known to him in the boy's confessional letters seemed to require. Nor did his loving care cease when the young man entered the ministry. For more than forty years the correspondence between the two was maintained. The two men met in Mr. Mead's home a little time before his coronation. It was felt by each that the end of earthly intercourse had come, but after prayer they parted strong in the confidence that in "a little while" the broken link in the chain of Christian comradeship would be forever mended.

UNION COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

In the fall of 1860 Henry reluctantly yielded to certain inducements held out to him to attend the "Union Collegiate Institute," located in Warnerville, Schoharie County, N. Y. Indeed, it had been a problem that evaded his powers to solve how he could meet the expense of school another year. The managers of the Institute came to his relief, not so

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much perhaps as a deed of kindness as from business considerations. It was known to them that his decision would probably influence that of two other students. Only a nominal charge of thirty dollars was to be made for board, room, and tuition, for a term of twenty-two weeks. He did not see his way to provide this small sum, but he was confident that "in some way or other the Lord would provide;" so he accepted the offer.

The little Church in the village was one of several which together constituted a circuit—an old-time expedient for reaching the greatest possible number of people, and carrying to the largest possible territory the blessings of the gospel, by the smallest possible number of preachers. Two preachers were in charge of this circuit, Revs. A. Robbins and W. J. Sands, and they were "in labors abundant." The Warnerville Church was reached by these preachers, alternately, once in two weeks. Shortly after the opening of the school year, Henry was waited on by a committee from the little Church and engaged to supply the pulpit each open alternate Sunday with the promise of a "*donation*" *by way of remuneration*. This seemed to him to be a providential provision to cover his thirty dollars obligation to the school treasury. After five months of service in fulfillment of this "contract," on an evening when the storm king was abroad, the "donation party" was held, the proceeds of which were almost fourteen dollars—the equivalent of nearly fifty cents for each sermon. Had it not stormed so fiercely, and had not the roads

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been blockaded by the wind-driven snow, the "donations" might have been sufficient to cover the young man's indebtedness to the institute. But as no hint was given of a purpose by the committee to supplement the small amount raised, he decided that he could not in honor remain in the school when there was no promise in sight of means to pay the bill. Accordingly the next morning, after reporting to the principal and paying over the proceeds of the donation to the steward of the institute, he proceeded to pack his trunk preparatory to leaving for home the following day. Learning of this, the principal called at his room, kindly and earnestly protested against his going, and assured him he would rather he remained till the close of the term, even if he were unable to pay another dollar. On these conditions the trunk was unpacked, and studies resumed.

NEED, PRAYER, SUPPLY RELATED?

The following Sunday Henry occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church in Richmondville, in the morning. The pastor of the Lutheran Church was present, probably because of desire to hear the son of his old friend. On invitation this aged pastor offered prayer, and at the close of the service requested the young man to preach for him that afternoon. The invitation was accepted.

Coming down the pulpit "stairs," he was met by a man of small stature, long bearded, and of cheery

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countenance, who asked him to dine with him that day. Thus began a friendship with Levi Ostrander that was a source of great pleasure and religious benefit to Henry. During that week he was invited to an evening dinner at this home to meet a few friends. Among these were Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, and at least one member of the Christian denomination, only one of whom Henry had ever met till the previous Sunday. Late in the evening the son of the host arose and began an address to the "boy preacher." It was something about young men preparing for the ministry not being, as a rule, oversupplied with money, and desire of those present to express in some practical way their sympathy with and regard for the young preacher whose acquaintance it had been their pleasure to make, etc., "In token of this regard, I am delegated to present to you this purse." Henry looked about him with tear-filled eyes—tried to speak, but could not. At last he pulled himself together sufficiently to say, "Let us pray!" And falling upon his knees, he poured out his heart in thanksgiving to God, who had seen his need, answered his prayer, and made these new friends the dispensers of His bounty. There were few, if any, dry eyes in that company.

The purse contained a little over thirty dollars, and with a glad heart the recipient of this gift the next day stood at the counter of the steward of the seminary, asking for his bill up to the close of the term, paid it, and then went to his room with the receipt in his pocket, and money remaining sufficient

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to meet incidental expenses and pay his fare home at the close of the term.

This is one of many instances of what he has always regarded as answers to prayer for financial help when in straitened circumstances during his school years. Were he not an ingrate had he ever doubted the efficacy of prayer, or failed in his ministry to lay emphasis on its prevailing power with God?

At the opening of the spring and summer term Henry returned to the institute. There were no preachers in the Faculty, and so it was arranged that he should preach in the chapel of the institute as often as he could prepare his sermons, and on other Sundays, when possible, secure preaching by exchange with neighboring pastors. He remembers with gratitude the kind hearing given him by the Faculty and students.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC BUT CHEAP PATRIOTISM

The Civil War was upon us, and early in the term the spirit of patriotism in the students demanded that the Stars and Stripes should float from the tower of the institute. That meant a day for flag raising, speech making, and hurrahing. O, it was a great day! Of course, there were martial music and marching. A brave lot of boys we were who marched to the music of fife and drums. How our hearts throbbed! Perhaps we did n't know just what it was all about, nor what we would do about it,

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but we were inspired, a little inflated perhaps, by the spirit of patriotism, and were ready to do most anything but—enlist. We were some of us designated to speak for our country that day, and we would do it if it would cost somebody else's right arm. The boy preacher was one of these heroes. Charles Gorse, the son of a preacher and a candidate for legal honors, was another. The editor of the county weekly was another. How many others deponent saith not, but the spirit of a hero was bounding in every breast. No one had the temerity to doubt it. "Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!" She floats upon the breeze; hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Patriotic airs were sung that won great applause. The speeches began with Old Glory floating above us. What more was needed for patriotic eloquence than that flag which traitorous hands had trailed in the dust? Nothing—but something to say. The young preacher found it so when he essayed to speak. There seemed nothing before the eye of his mind but the Red, White, and Blue. When the county weekly appeared, he learned that he had made a really eloquent speech, but he could trace no resemblance to what he tried to say, but did not, in the reported speech. But it was a great day! Charley Gorse was really quite an orator and a fine singer. He meant well when he planned to run his speech into the Star-spangled Banner, but he pitched it so high that he split his voice on the first stanza, and lay a fallen hero beside his preacher friend. But it was a great

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day, and the sun set on a country saved by our valor, and rose next morning on fields of unstayed carnage. But it was a great day. Consult the county weekly.

A MORTIFYING FAILURE

In the fall of this year, through the agency of Mr. Levi Ostrander, Henry was engaged to teach the DISTRICT SCHOOL IN WEST RICHMONDVILLE. He was to "board around" in the homes of the pupils—no charge being made for his board, and receive seventeen dollars per month for his work as teacher. He soon demonstrated to his own mind—and he thinks to the minds of the parents of the pupils—that he was not a success as a district school teacher. There were a few pupils of about his own age, a large number between the ages of five and ten years, and many from fourteen to seventeen years of age. In all, as memory holds it, sixty-nine pupils. Classification was impossible. The children brought their own books, many being heirlooms of the family.

These conditions were a little too much for the administrative ability of the teacher. In the matter of discipline he had no difficulty with the older scholars, but the little fellows whom he dandled and caressed were soon beyond the restraint of his authority. There were a few dull boys of ten or twelve years, bright only in mischief, but dull as idiots the moment their eyes turned upon an open book. One in particular tested the teacher's patience.

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When all other conceivable means were exhausted, he was given a simple lesson, and told that he would be constantly under the teacher's eye, and if he did not study, and failed in recitation, he would be severely punished. The birch rod had been prepared, and it had to be applied in a way to be remembered. Another trial was given the boy. He studied as for life, and made his first creditable recitation, for which he was highly praised. But for the sympathy given the boy, and the vials of wrath poured upon the teacher, that boy might have been saved to a fairly intelligent life. Measles were abroad in the district, on account of which quite a number of the pupils were kept from school. Ostensibly for this reason the school was closed, but the teacher believed that the birch rod and the use to which it was put was the real reason.

RETURN TO CHARLOTTEVILLE SEMINARY

At liberty now, and with more money than he had ever carried at one time, Henry on invitation of the principal returned to the New York Conference Seminary. Here he remained through the rest of the term. The spring vacation ended, he re-entered the seminary on the very generous terms proposed by Principal John M. Hartwell. In return for favors granted him, he was permitted to teach English Grammar, and Algebra. His benefactor's son, George W. Ostrander, was also a student and teacher of advanced Algebra. They were

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close friends, really loved each other, though differing radically in matters political and religious. Ostrander was Arian in his views; Henry was Trinitarian. Ostrander was a Democrat—the kind that sympathized with secession. Henry was Republican of the darkest dye. Ostrander gave an oration in the chapel in which he gave free expression to his sentiments. The students were hot with wrath, proposing violence. Henry interposed, saying, "Better answer him. Wait a while, and I will do it." He set himself to the task of making an oration on the subject, "The War: Its Causes and Probable Results." The oration grew upon him, particularly that part of it which related to the "Probable Results."

What did he know about the results of a war just begun? He was limited by history in treating of its causes, but he had a free hand in treating of its results. There was no history to hamper him, and for facts he could draw freely on his imagination. So the oration grew beyond chapel privilege, and the village church was secured as the proper place to give it. The students were out *en masse*: the village people were there. Ostrander sat directly in front of the chancel rail. He was not a man to fear any one's fire, least of all that of his friend—"the enemy." The speaker began with more heat than was prudent, and his throat was soon irritated and dry. Ostrander arose and was leaving the house when there was the sound of a tentative hiss from some one of the students, which, however, was not taken up by others because of the speaker's rebuke.

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After an absence of a few minutes Ostrander walked up the aisle, and placing a glass on the table beside his friend, filled it with water from the pitcher he had brought. The applause which followed was characteristic of a body of students, and afforded Henry ample time to relieve the irritation of his throat. From that time on, through more than an hour, he had himself so in hand that he spoke with ease. The congratulations received at the close of the lecture were about equally divided between Ostrander and the speaker of the evening.

A SERIOUS PROBLEM

During this summer (1862) Henry confronted a question which lack of experience made it difficult for him to decide. It had become clear to him that he could not give six years more to the task of obtaining such equipment for the ministry as he coveted—and deemed essential. He was already in debt. He did not have a vigorous constitution, and his three years' work in school plus that of preaching had somewhat reduced his vigor. If he were to succeed in meeting the expense of three years in college and three years in the theological school, which was by no means probable, would it not be at the cost of physical fitness for the full and thorough work of his calling? Wisely or unwisely, after much prayer and balancing of arguments, he reached the conclusion that he ought to forego the benefit either of the college or of the theological school. It was

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after a night of prayerful consideration that he felt that he was guided to this decision. But which ought he to sacrifice?

It was days later that he decided to leave out of his equipment that which the college only could give, and which he had most coveted, and take the theological course instead. The wisdom of that decision he has never doubted. He has always believed that in making it against the clamor of inclination and ambition, he was led by a power not himself.

At the close of the term he turned away forever from the scenes and associations which are still held in precious memory. Three years in those two schools—two years in Charlotteville and one in Warnerville—had done much for him every way. Aside from the benefit obtained by study and the instruction given by thoroughly competent teachers, there was the benefit of association with men and women of the Faculty of true culture and high ideals, and the friendships forever sacred formed with students who aspired to the highest and best in character and life. Never anywhere has he found a body of young people more worthy the title of ladies and gentlemen. Hopeless were his case if in such association he failed to grow in all that is worthy. In fancy the writer sometimes visits the old scenes. He sits in the hall of "the Wesleyan Association" on a night of "a joint meeting," and reads on the wall over the president's desk the motto, "Perseverantia Omnia Vincit." He looks about him and

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greeted his comrades—Townsend, Schermerhorn, Rittenhouse, Stout, N. J. Squires, Hanmer, Hoag, and Misses Krusa, Brown, Kellogg, Dale, et al. While writing, the face of each of these and of others is as distinctly before him as in the days that live only in memory. Some of them were hidden long ago beneath the pansies. We trust they all have made good our motto, and that we all may meet "beyond the frost chain and the river."

DISAPPOINTMENT AND DELIVERANCE

Disappointment awaited Henry on his return to Greenbush. The funds he had expected to start him well on his course in the Biblical Institute in Concord, N. H., were not forthcoming. He started out on foot in search of a school that had not yet engaged a teacher. He knew it was too late in the season to hold much promise of success. He tramped everywhere that he could learn of a possible opening, but did not find one. His brother started with him early one morning, in a buggy, reaching home late at night unsuccessful.

He next went on search for a vacant pulpit which he might supply. He learned that the pastor at Schaghticoke had entered the work of the Christian Commission in the army. He took the train for Schaghticoke; could learn nothing definite there, but was directed to Schaghticoke Hill. There he was told to go to the Junction and see a Mr. Vial, who would be able to give the information. Reaching the home

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of Mr. Vial, he was informed the gentleman had gone to Troy, to get a preacher for the next day. However, he was invited to remain over Sunday. Soon Mr. Vial and his preacher, a student in Troy University, arrived. Henry made explanation that he had come by order of the presiding elder, as indeed his letter of introduction showed. The university student very kindly suggested that as he was not himself a candidate for the place it would be very proper that Henry preach the next day in the pulpit of each of the three churches of that charge. This he consented to do. It developed in the conversation that evening that the "charge" was already in negotiation with another man as pulpit supply, and that he was to give his decision during the next week. Late in that week a letter, containing *two dollars* "to cover expenses," informed Henry that this man had decided to serve as pulpit supply till the next Conference. Defeat at every turn did not unsettle his confidence that in some way the Lord would provide.

One day while at prayer he thought of a man in Albany, Captain Thomas Schuyler, who ran a line of steamers between Albany and New York City. He knew something of his reputation for benevolence and that he was a class-leader in the Ferry Street Methodist Church. While, strictly speaking, he could claim no acquaintance with him, he had attended his class-meeting a few times. He determined to lay his situation before him and ask his assistance. Mr. Schuyler received him very graciously, kindly drew from him all the facts, and presented

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him with a check sufficient to enable him to start for the Concord Biblical Institute the next morning, purchase the necessary text-books, and maintain him there about three months. At the end of that time the Rev. James Thurston, D. D. presiding, elder, appointed him as student pastor of the Church at Hillsboro Bridge, N. H. Years later Henry stood by the casket containing all that was mortal of Captain Schuyler, while hundreds of beneficiaries like himself mourned over the world's great loss in the death of him whose hand had always been open in help of the needy.

Henry served THE CHURCH AT HILLSBORO BRIDGE till after Commencement in June. His work included the lead of a prayer-meeting on Saturday evening, preaching Sunday morning, followed by Bible school and class meeting, a second sermon at two o'clock, and prayer-meeting in the evening. He also did some pastoral work. The remuneration was five dollars a week, leaving him three and a half dollars net each week. On this sum in war-time he was able to meet all his expenses for room rent, fuel, light, food, laundry work, and clothing—and it may be added that his people had no occasion to complain that he was not suitably attired for the pulpit. It is incomprehensible, except to those whom necessity has initiated into the mystery, how very little money is indispensable to decent living. But there were no luxuries in his living. He did n't visit ice-cream parlors, the soda fountains, the candy stores, nor the fruit stands. Nor did he buy tickets to

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lectures or concerts, nor attend any entertainment that possibly might require the expenditure of a dime. He has since been amazed to see Christian young men who he knew were indebted to the Board of Education for borrowed money present at entertainments that cost them from fifty cents to one dollar. No man has a right to seek enjoyment at the expense of his creditors.

THE FACULTY OF THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

As students in the Concord Institute he found five men with whom he had been associated in the New York Conference Seminary. The Faculty consisted of Doctors Stephen M. Vail, John W. Merrill, and David Patten, a trio of strong men, representing three distinct types. Dr. Vail had been a Greek had he not been a Hebrew; he had been a Hebrew had he not been a Greek. The fact is, he was both in spirit, though neither in descent. It depended on the chair he was in. If it were Hebrew, he was Elijah, risen; if it were the Greek, he was Socrates quizzing. How rich to the ears of the boys was either language as it rolled from his tongue! Dr. Merrill, the absent-minded studious worker, often found at his study table after day dawn, his lamp yet burning and he, all unconscious that night had gone, still seeking to solve some psychological problem—perhaps that of the *location of the moral quality*—whether in the action or in the intention, or in the actor. What student of his has forgotten the triumph

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that gleamed in the doctor's eye, when by long discourse he had proved that it was found in the actor. He was an expert in splitting hairs, if sometimes the students were nothing bettered by the process.

Dr. Patten, the stately, yet genial gentleman who made Historical Theology attractive by finding a broad philosophy underlying the history of the Christian Church; undemonstrative in manner, there throbbed beneath his cold exterior a warm and loving heart, the beat of which sooner or later was felt by every earnest student.

That school year of 1862-1863 had a very quickening influence on Henry's mental life. Hebrew excepted, the studies were to his taste—especially those included in Systematic Theology, while Mental Science and Ethics were more enthralling than fiction. He had entered the middle class in New Testament Greek, and, because of his advanced preparation beyond the average men of the class, he was able to slight this study that he might give more time to Hebrew, for which he had no penchant. Alas for him! He knew less of Greek at the close of the year than at its beginning. But on the whole the year to him was a starter in lines of thought that shaped in large degree his subsequent ministry.

SENT TO THE CHURCH IN KEENE, N. H.

After Commencement, Dr. Thurston sent him to supply the Church in Keene, N. H., the pastor of which had long been ill, and for whose recovery

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the physicians had abandoned hope. He was succeeded in the Hillsboro Church by one of his fellow-students, John A. Lansing, a man of very superior mind, and easily ranking first among the students of that institution. He was as eccentric as mentally strong. His intuitional faculty seemed abnormal. He was a man of visions, and he hesitated not to prophesy. Spiritually-minded, yet sometimes seeming to draw on his imagination for his facts. Perhaps it were better to say that his visions were often so vivid that they took place in his consciousness as facts, and were so reported. He bound the writer to him as with hooks of steel. In his presence Henry believed what in his absence he regarded as incredible. His was a commanding personality. Fear was unknown to him—save the fear of God. He said things which, if an ordinary person were to say, men would laugh in his face. But nobody laughed derisively in John's face. He would thunder denunciations in the teeth of men, which coming from almost any other man would bring hatred and violence upon himself. But he did it with impunity. He walked daily along the line which separates faith from presumption, spirituality from unrighteous daring, and it was not always easy to say on which side of the line he was.

Henry had not found Hillsboro Church an easy field. Most of its people—members and attendants—were considerate and kind, and among them a few friends were made, whose memory has been cherished through all the years. But there was one man who

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set himself to make the young pastor as uncomfortable as possible, because he had affronted him by choosing to board in another home. The pastor could give no reason for his preference. The fact was, however, that having been entertained in both homes over Sabbath, he had found the one "homey" and in personnel pleasant, and the other—well, not so attractive. This "brother" so offended became sullen—would attend Church, but with churlish bearing; prayer and class-meeting, but would bear no part. A few were influenced by him, pitied him, and became critical of the pastor. It was therefore a relief when the presiding elder transferred the pastor to Keene, a relief to all concerned. At his first service Mr. Lansing prefaced his sermon substantially as follows: "I do not want to hear any criticism of my predecessor. I know him better than you do. He may have made some mistakes. What young man of twenty-one years does not make mistakes? But this I must say, by your own showing some of you have acted like a parcel of fools." Result? The majority were his friends at once, and the vexed minority accepted the inevitable. Peace brooded over that little Church for a time.

Coming over the mountain from Hillsboro one Saturday afternoon, June 20, 1863, Henry had his first view of the little city of Keene, nestled in the valley beneath. The setting sun tinged with blazing light the windows of the buildings, and gave a touch of glory to all the scene spread below him. He fairly gasped with a sense of his insufficiency as he

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realized that there, amid conditions of such a city, surrounded by churches of no little strength, and ministers of no small ability, he was to minister—*he*, a mere boy, with little training and so small an accumulation of sermons! He is thankful to remember that there on the hillside overlooking his field of work he cast himself upon Him who promised, "Lo, I am with you always."

A GRACIOUS WORK

He hesitates to record his experience in this Church during the little more than eight months in which he served as pastor. It may seem to savor of self-praise or boasting. But he knows that the work wrought during that brief period was of God, and that in so far as it was through his agency it was so by a gracious spiritual girding of power, which gave him in a marked degree the confidence and favor of the people and leadership of the Church.

The condition of that Church, as he found it, will have easy recognition by any pastor when it is known that for about one year, more or less, Rev. Edmond Danforth, the pastor, had been seriously ill, and there had been no stated pulpit supply. The preaching services were consequently very irregular, and the Church was practically without pastoral care and supervision. It goes without saying that under such conditions the congregation must have become greatly depleted. It was no fault of Rev. Mr. Danforth that most of the congregation, save

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the elect few, had scattered into other Churches. The young people had gone *en masse*.

We find these entries in Henry's Journal: "August 2, 1863.—Day excessively warm. Congregation very large and attentive. During the last few weeks eight persons have presented themselves for prayer. Three to-day." "August 16th.—The work of the Lord is still reviving. Souls are coming home to God at every service." There are no further entries. His work so absorbed his attention and interest that the Journal was discontinued and was never resumed. What follows in regard to the work in Keene are mere fragments of memories, which remain clear and distinct as the events of yesterday. It was not possible to conduct the work by means of a "protracted meeting." There was no demand for such a meeting, and the pastor could not have conducted it without the sacrifice of methods more essential to success. He required much time for study and sermon preparation. There was need of much pastoral work—heart-to-heart talks with individuals on the subject of personal religion. And last, but by no means least, he was impressed with the importance of personal private prayer—wrestling, importunate, intercessory prayer.

The spirit of revival entered the young pastor's heart on the second Sunday evening after entering upon his work. In the prayer-meeting that evening the Holy Spirit came upon the company in unusual power. His first sermon to his people had been on the theme, "The Divine Girding with Power for Serv-

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ice." The second, "The Unutterable Intercession of the Spirit Within Us." The third, "The Faith which Saves and the Peace which Follows."

He had been feeling out toward God for power for himself and for his people. That second Sunday evening he at least "touched the hem of the Master's garment," and straightway power entered into his soul. To the exhortation and invitation which followed, his people responded, filling the space within and about the altar. The prayers that went up from that little group but faintly expressed the soul longing from which they sprang, and the solemnity of the congregation was in evidence that the Spirit was touching all hearts. It was a season of heart searching, and the pastor, wisely or unwisely, he can not say, deemed it right to leave the people to "think on these things," and, after announcing that the mid-week meeting would be held in the audience-room instead of the basement, he dismissed them.

That mid-week meeting was a surprise to many in respect to attendance—there being quite as many present as on the previous Sunday evening. The spirit of the meeting was encouraging to faith. Confidence waxed strong that souls would be saved. Intercessory prayer was offered by several in the spirit of importunity. Brother Monroe, a man of superior gifts and piety, prayed mightily, "filling his mouth with arguments" in "ordering our cause before Him" who had pledged to answer prayer. The pastor went to his room that night, not to sleep, but to pray for the greater outpouring of the Holy

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Spirit, in awakening power upon the people—especially the young people. He had as yet no definite burden except for young people. For them he prayed into the small hours and then, confident that God would answer, the burden was lifted from his heart and he slept. The rest of the week, aside from sermon preparation, was given to encouraging the expectation of his people, and in doing so his own confidence waxed stronger.

He became eager for Sunday. It came. He preached on the text, "He that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me." In the afternoon Dr. James Thurston preached a strong sermon on "Consecration." At the evening prayer-meeting the audience-room was well filled. After an exhortation, an invitation was given for any who would seek the Savior to rise. Two young men arose, one on the right of the church, and the other on the left. With the shout, "Glory to God," the preacher leaped over the altar rail and in an instant had his arm about one of these young men, saying, "Kneel down right here," and kneeling together, the pastor prayed with the faith born of his recent communings with God. Rising, he started the chorus, "Come to Jesus just now," and hurrying to the other young man, who had risen, he knelt and prayed with him. Then he said, "Let us go to the altar, you who are seeking the Savior, and we who have found Him; let us all move nearer the altar who would get nearer to Jesus." Then, leading in the stanza, "I'll go to Jesus though my sins like mountains

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round me close," he and the two young men started forward, the brothers and sisters following. Only a few could get to the altar as the space about it was quite limited, but the movement identified them with the work. There was no confusion—at least the preacher was not aware of any; but the staid—to a New York man—*cold* form of worship prevalent in New England, and having prestige in Keene under the long pastorate of Dr. Blank, was broken. That meeting "was noised abroad," so that the mid-week prayer service was largely attended. The "seekers" had "found," and their testimonies were a further inspiration to the confidence of the Church. The revival was well under way. It will contribute nothing to the purpose of this narrative to attempt to follow the meetings further in their order. We will only add that from July 5, 1863, till late in March, 1864, we are unable to recall a single week in which there was not one or more who confessedly sought the Savior.

One other fact it is a pleasure to recall in this connection. Rev. Jesse Wagner, who was appointed pastor of this Church at the session of the New Hampshire Conference in the spring of 1864, rejoiced in the unabated continuance of this revival during the two years of his pastorate. The growth of the Church during these years created the necessity for a new edifice—the one in which the Church now worships.

If the memory of the writer is not at fault, it was in the summer of 1867 (it may have been 1866),

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that he visited the city of Keene by the earnest invitation and at the expense of his friends there. Dr. J. R. Dinsmore was pastor—a Christian gentleman of culture. It had been arranged that the writer should preach both morning and afternoon, but to his surprise and disappointment the services were to be held in the City Hall. He was disappointed because he could not have the inspiration which the precious memories associated with the old Church would afford. But when from the platform he confronted a congregation that exceeded the seating capacity of the Hall—many standing throughout the service—and contrasted it with the little audience before him on his first Sunday in the old church, his heart bounded with grateful joy that by the grace of God it had been given him to have a part in the work that had fruited so richly.

* * * * *

At the risk of being tedious, and placing emphasis upon incidents of importance only to the persons immediately concerned, some facts and experiences in connection with the work in Keene will now be recorded without regard to the time or order of their occurrence.

One Sunday the pastor noted the absence from the services of an interesting young man who had recently been at the altar for prayer. At the close of the evening meeting he learned on inquiry that this young man had been seen in company with certain of his former associates, under circumstances that indicated

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that he was going wrong. It was with a heavy heart that the pastor went to his room that night. His only recourse was prayer. For hours he strove with God on behalf of that young man, knowing something of the experience out of which Paul must have written these words which believers have ever read with awe: "For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." Is it not true that our Lord sometimes lifts His followers into the exalted experience of self-sacrifice which led Him to accept and walk through years under the shadow of that abandonment which on the cross brought from His breaking heart the cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Ah, there are experiences in the life of men upon whom God lays the "burden for souls" which the keen, cold eye of criticism can never discern as real. Paul found that it was for him to "fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church." May this not be the high privilege of every soul who is prepared and willing to "know the fellowship of His suffering?"

The next morning the pastor sought the young man in his place of business. He found him alone, already penitent, but utterly disheartened. That interview will never be forgotten. The battle for the rescue of that soul from the clutch of despair had been lost that morning but for the assurance born of the importunate pleading of the night before. At last the young man felt the return of hope in the tender

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mercy of God, and promised to assume again his broken vows. He became one of the most helpful workers among the converts.

Is it not a sad fact that the Church which used to wrestle mightily in prayer is fast losing the spirit of importunity? Are we not substituting rest for wrestling? And is not this the reason why the "gift of prayer" has become a lost art in the Church? What an uninteresting service that would be in these days, that consisted of prayers and an occasional stanza of a familiar hymn! Such meetings used to be a power. Why? Because the gift and power of prayer was developed in the Secret Place by an importunity that would not and could not "let go" till the blessing sought was gained. That spirit and habit of importunate pleading were carried into the public meeting, and the prayers were often mightier in argument, in eloquent persuasiveness than the able sermon which preceded them. Strong men often yielded under their power who had successfully parried the reasoning and appeals of the preacher.

The Christian home without an altar, a Christian pulpit that gives chief prominence to questions, ethical or sociological, a Christian Church that has outgrown the truths fundamental in the teaching of Jesus, a theology that seeks common ground in any theory of evolution that has no room in it for the doctrines of the fall of man, redemption by the vicarious suffering of Jesus Christ, and salvation from sin and its consequences by faith,—all these, separately or combined, can never create the spirit or

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habit of prayer. For those in such a state to maintain its form is an almost impossible task. We need to lay emphasis on the ethical standard of the gospel; we do well to seek the most effective methods of reaching and helping men to better living; but if we would see men *saved*, born into the Kingdom of God, we must know in our measure the Christ burden, and seek them with the passion of holy love. Like the Master, we must go to them from the heights of intercessory prayer, wrestling *for* them that we may have power *with* them.

* * * * *

There were times when the pastor discerned, or thought he did, a letting go on the part of his people; "travail" giving place to rejoicing; passion for saving to satisfaction over souls already saved. This he interpreted as a call for him to receive an added burden—to pass under the deeper shade of the olives, and kneel with his Lord in supplication, "with strong crying and tears." While others slept, he must wrestle in prayer, wrestle for their waking. After a night like this, in the early morning he thought the Master said, "It is enough," and he slept as only they can sleep who have watched long with their Lord. That day, which began for him well on toward noon, he spent "from house to house." There was no attempt to hide the purpose of his calling. He announced it immediately on entering a house, and found quick response to earnest and tender entreaty of the unconverted to seek the Lord. In each case

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prayer was offered, and the promise was made by several that day that they would not rest till they could say, "Jesus saves me." The meeting which followed this day was one in which his people were quickened into renewed sympathy with the unsaved—making their sin and peril the burden of their prayers—wrestling for them as they might wrestle for their own salvation. And souls were saved that night.

THE VARIET ATTITUDES OF THE CLERGY of the city to this work of revival is worthy of passing remark. To some of them it seemed to be a matter of no interest whatever. They gave no sign that they were aware of such a work in the city, though attendants and a few members of their own Churches had bowed as penitents at the altar of our little church. One of them, however, could not resist his curiosity to know what was going on—a curiosity awakened perhaps by the fact that some of his own people were regularly attending our meetings. He would have been most cordially welcomed, and invited to speak to our people had he presented himself amongst us in a manner worthy of "the cloth." But he chose to assume the rôle of a spy, listening and peeping through the entrance door which he held slightly ajar. The pastor seeing that somebody was spying, made his way by the side aisle to the door, pushed it open and saw the Rev. Pastor of the "standing order!" Looking him full in the face, the Methodist pastor deliberately closed the door and returned to his work.

There were pastors, however, who evinced the

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most kindly interest in the work, and among them were two who—from their denominational relations—would have been thought least likely to sympathize with it. One was pastor of the Unitarian Church, the other was rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The rector was present one Sunday evening, and when the invitation was given for “seekers” and Christians to approach the altar he responded very promptly, and on request prayed very helpfully for the penitents. The Unitarian pastor on another occasion did the same. This man, the Rev. Dr. O. White, who was several times present at the preaching services, on his own initiative exchanged pulpits with the boy preacher, made him his companion in many long walks, delightfully entertained him in his beautiful home. This man has ever been held in affectionate remembrance among the best and truest friends of Henry’s early life.

Late in the fall or early in winter of '63, a lady, evidently of superior social standing, who had for several successive Sabbaths been observed in the congregation, took her place among other seekers at the altar. Her deep sincerity and the intelligent consciousness of her need of the Savior were clearly manifest. But for some time, several weeks at least, she was unable to lay hold upon Jesus by faith as her Savior. The pastor was impressed at an evening service that she had reached a crisis in her experience—that the hour had come upon which her future would turn. Early the next morning he

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called at her home. The moment she entered the room he saw by a light on her face, that never was on land or sea, that she had come into saving touch with her Lord. And this was her story: "Last night as I walked to and fro in my room, almost despairing of God's mercy, the thought came to me that while I had been seeking Him by every way known to me, *He had been seeking me*. Falling upon my knees, I prayed: 'Lord Jesus, I know not where or how to find Thee; here I am in all my weakness and need; come to me, O Lord, save me, and make me Thine forever.' And He came! All doubt is gone. All fear has fled. Peace and joy fill my soul." And her face bore witness to her words. This experience greatly impressed the pastor, who has frequently used it to the help of souls bewildered and disheartened by failure in their mistaken efforts to find their Lord and Savior. The record is made in the hope that it may be used by others.

* * * * *

A young lady, living with the aged Rev. and Mrs. David Kilburn, was apparently under deep conviction, but reluctant to make decision. She promised, however, to make her choice and report it to the pastor before the next meeting, which was to be held within three hours. Accordingly, she came to the pastor, and in a light, giddy manner said, "I have made up my mind." "What is your decision?" "O, to go on in the same worldly way." "Indeed?" There was a silence for several moments—evidently

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much to her embarrassment. "But I hope you will continue to pray for me." "No, if you have made up your mind to go to hell, there is no use in praying for you." She turned away in anger. The pastor's refusal to pray for her was not spoken in anger. He had said only that which he believed to be true—that there was no use in praying for one whose mind was made up to go on in sin.

But that refusal brought upon him the censure of the venerable Rev. David Kilburn, and the writer would not now undertake to justify it. During a pastorate of more than forty years he has never repeated it. He is not sure that he did right—he is very confident that he meant to do right. The result of that refusal may have been brought to pass on the principle that unwise or wrong methods are sometimes sanctified of God to the accomplishment of His beneficent purposes. Be this as it may, that young lady about one week later appeared at church, came forward to the altar and was happily converted there; and she thanked the pastor for his refusal to pray for her, saying that it was through that refusal she had come to realize the terrible guilt of her decision.

May not a minister sometimes be justified in turning upon triflers the scathing denunciations of God's Word? May not the "whip of small cords" sometimes be brought into use for the good of men and the glory of God? Not in the anger of personal resentment, but in an anger which is an offspring of the love of righteousness and of God,

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May we never be less kind to the erring, less gentle to the weak, or less compassionate to the penitent sinner! But might we not serve our Lord better if we were to take on more of the heroism of the prophets and apostles whose stern rebuke of arrogant sin is almost as conspicuous as their tender sympathy with ignorance led astray? If love were to have freer course in the pulpit, might not courage oftener be found there?

During the time Henry was in Keene the conditions and prospects of his life were greatly changed by the death of his brother. There were financial obligations which he felt it to be imperative for him to meet as soon as possible. He could not do this if he were to return to the institute and complete his course. His duty was clear. He must enter upon his life work without further educational equipment. Former experiences had prepared him to adjust himself to the inevitable. He was not insensible to the loss involved, but he believed that the law of compensation is operative in this world, and subsequent experiences have strengthened his faith.

CHAPTER III

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF THE TROY CONFERENCE

MARCH 29, 1864, Henry appeared at the session of the Troy Annual Conference, presented a certificate of satisfactory examination passed before the committee of the New Hampshire Conference in the studies required for admission on trial, a letter of recommendation from his Quarterly Conference, and a personal letter from his presiding elder, Dr. Thurston, recommending him for admission on trial and for ordination as local deacon. He was admitted and ordained.

At the opening of the session on the morning of the third day, a splendid tenor, pure and soulful from the pew immediately behind him, silenced not his own voice alone, but that of many others—and he listened. He must see the face of such a singer, and, rude though it might be, he turned and looked into a face that answered his unspoken question with a smile of recognition. The devotions over, the singer asked, "Did you preach one Sunday two years ago in the Church at Schaghticoke?" "I did." "Are you entering Conference this spring?" "I am." "Schaghticoke is to be set off as a station this year. I am sent as committeeman to secure a

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preacher. Are you willing to be appointed as our pastor?" "It would please me greatly." "All right, I will interview the bishop at once." The gentleman, who proved to be Mr. Julius E. Butts, made his way to the platform, and after a few words with the bishop returned to say, "The bishop assured me that he would appoint you to our Church, and I shall return home at once. You will be my guest, please, on your arrival."

Such was the fruitage of the application made two years before, and which at the time yielded only disappointment. Little did the boy know how pivotal that day's work was in its relation to all of his future life. He sees it now in the afternoon of life's brief day.

BISHOP SIMPSON AT HIS BEST

That Conference in many respects has never been equaled by any of the many similar gatherings which it has been my privilege to attend. Bishop Matthew Simpson presided. On Sunday morning he preached. The writer heard him afterwards a score of times, but that morning he exceeded himself by quite as much as he in subsequent sermons exceeded the average great preacher. He was then in his prime, and his theme was "The Power of the Gospel." His exordium gave no promise of what was to follow. As he rose to the majesty of his theme, we were first interested, then enraptured, then overwhelmed, till in unconsciousness of our surroundings our emotions found vent in an involuntary shout

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of joy. The sound of our own voice broke the spell. We looked about us to see if others were similarly affected, and behind us we saw the vast congregation upon their feet—many in the rear standing on the seats, and all eagerly bending forward, eyes suffused with tears and faces transfigured with holy rapture. It was as if he actually saw the white-robed throng and Him who sat upon the throne, and was just about to part the curtain of the sky and give us a glimpse of the eternal glory. We had never heard anything like it before, we have never heard anything like it since. Like many another we have sought to analyse that power which moved the audience as the wind moves the trees of the forest, but in vain. We have studied that sermon as it appears in his published volume, but failed to discover the secret of its power. It was surely not in the sermon; it must have been in the *man*. But where lay the secret in the man? It was not in his thought, for many have thought more profoundly than he. It was not in his rhetoric, for he has been excelled by many in that. It was not, as with Whitefield, in his voice, for many have been blessed with a voice more musical and of greater compass. It was not in the finish of his elocution, for he was surpassed by many in this respect. It could not have been in his superior piety, for Christ-like as he was, others like him have dwelt between the cherubim. Not in any one of these things may we find the mystery of his power. May it not have been in the marvelous combination of them all?

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It has been said that "his was the eloquence of soul, not of syntax, and hence it was in his glistening eye, in his quivering lip, and in those outstretched arms which sometimes appeared when the afflatus was upon him as the pinions of an angel bearing him away into mystic scenes which thought had spread out to his vision." But the witchery of his power is hidden still in mystery. Said a professor of oratory, when asked how he liked the bishop's elocution: "Elocution! I never thought of it. What does he need of elocution?"

An eminent lawyer of skeptical tendencies said to a friend upon leaving the City Hall in Keene, in New Hampshire, where he had sat enchained and melted to tears by the bishop's eloquence, "This is the first time I ever heard Almighty God speak through human lips." Did not that lawyer get very close to the secret of the bishop's power? Is it not that in him were found the conditions—physical, mental, and spiritual—that made him a most facile agent of divine expression? Still the mystery lingers, and we leave it in "The hiding of His power"—a power clearly cognizable, but forever incomprehensible to finite minds. We have listened to many great preachers whose greatness disheartened us for immediate effort to preach. But as we listened to the bishop, it was *the gospel*, not the man, that loomed before us in majestic proportions. So grand seemed the messages, so rich in power and blessing, that we were eager ourself for opportunity to proclaim it. We thought not of marvelous hu-

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man gifts, of eloquence or magnetism, but of the *gospel* as "the power of God unto salvation." Why should we be ashamed "to preach" such a gospel?

APPOINTMENT TO SCHAGHTICOKE

A minister's introduction to the people of a new charge is not always an entirely agreeable experience. Indeed, the writer remembers his introduction to one charge as "perfectly" disagreeable. This was not Schaghticoke. The people there received him very cordially. As the guest of one of the officers of the Church, who was also chorister, he gave himself no care about being in the pulpit in time to begin the service promptly on Sunday morning. He assumed that his host would see to that. The fact, indeed, was noted that all the congregation seemed to be present and waiting, but that was accounted for in this young man's modest mind by their very natural eagerness to see and hear their new pastor. At the close of the service his host stood at his side within the chancel rail to introduce such as came forward to greet him. Among them was a man whose face was badly scarred, giving him a very hard, severe expression of countenance. When introduced, this man said, while he held a clinched hand before the pastor's face: "Young man, I want you to understand that if you are to be our pastor you have got to be on time. Now you kept us waiting twenty minutes this morning." In an instant the preacher felt that he knew his man, and that any show of the

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white feather would win his contempt, so he answered with the same offensive gesture, "I want you to understand that I am preacher in charge, and I will do as I have a mind to." His reply was, "Come, go home with me to dinner." "I will not," said the preacher, and turned to others. Bloomfield Usher was the preacher's friend from that hour, and no man ever had a truer friend. Three years later, when this preacher seemed to himself and to others to be lying in the vale of shadows, a telegram was placed in his hand which read: "Bloomfield Usher passed away. Funeral Tuesday. Come to speak." And the preacher turned his face to the wall and wept because he would see the face of his friend no more on earth. We would not extol him as a model of Christian virtues, for his virtues were his conspicuous faults. He hated all injustice. He was severely just himself, and required the same in others. He was kind, but not merciful as we who loved him could have desired. He had contended against great odds and won. It was hard for him to see why any man should not do the same. He had no patience with a fawning, cringing spirit, and a man who dared to withstand him he honored as a kindred soul. He would do a favor as he would pay a bill—with no more sense of the putting the receiver under obligation. Or, he would refuse a favor without a word of explanation. The why of the refusal was his business. And he would never think of exacting an explanation of one who declined to do him a favor. He drove a splendid horse. "Mr.

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Usher, may I have your horse this afternoon?" "How soon do you want him?" "Now, please." "John, hitch up that horse." Or another time, "Mr. Usher, may I have your horse to-day?" "No." That was all. But the pastor knew there was sufficient reason for the refusal.

He was a semi-invalid. That fact had taken him from the city to his farm. Monday morning his pastor usually spent with him in his library. And he had a library such as most ministers well might covet. Those Monday mornings were restful and mentally invigorating to the young preacher. He expected a review of the yesterday's sermon, and he got it. There was never flattery, but sometimes intelligent appreciation, frankly, almost bluntly, expressed, and often some suggestions of the way in which a point might be strengthened. Sometimes he had seen nothing in a sermon worthy of commendation, and he would say so. As once, "That was a grand text you took yesterday, and I have been wondering how you found it possible to make so little of it." Then he brought out what he saw in that text, a simple, practical outline, which the pastor coveted for his own. His was a strong character, vigorous in righteousness if lacking the gentleness that would have made him great in his sphere. He loved God and was loyal to truth as he apprehended it. As the end approached, he became more mellow—ripening for the great transition. Reclining one day on a couch, conversing with a minister of things of the Kingdom, he with great

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effort rose upon his elbow and, pointing to a ray of sunlight on the carpet, said, "I see my way to the throne clear as that sunlight." We doubt not that he did. "According to that which a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." The faith vision had made him true and loyal; it was left for the open vision of his Lord to make him gentle.

A DEPRESSING BUT PERHAPS A NEEDED EXPERIENCE

The experience of the young pastor in Schaghticoke was in depressing contrast with that which he had in Keene. He has never fully understood the causes of that contrast. Had his former success inflated him? It certainly had led him to expect results from his work similar to those realized in Keene, and his disappointment greatly pained him. He felt himself to be in a different spiritual atmosphere. He recognized the fact of complete change in conditions. It seemed impossible for him to enter the experience of importunate, intercessory prayer. He reproached himself for this, and prayed that the burden for souls might be laid upon him. Sermons which in Keene seemed to go straight to the mark, now fell short of the target. He dreamed repeatedly of being assailed, and when he turned a gun on his assailant he saw the bullet roll out of the muzzle and fall at his feet. His sermons seemed in like manner without carrying power. Commendations were more frequent than in Keene, but it was results he craved. And he did not see them. Why? Was he back-slidden? Conscience acquitted him of the charge.

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MAY IT HAVE BEEN A RESULT OF CIVIL WAR CONDITIONS?

There were certain facts which had a bearing upon the situation. It was the spring and summer of '64, during which there was widespread depression, resulting from many and serious disasters to the army of the Union. Each added year of the conflict had increased the depression. The end seemed further away than at any previous period of the war in the spring and summer of '64. Our cemeteries were being filled with our soldier dead; our homes desolated by the ravages of war. On every hand were mutterings of disapproval incited by sore-headed politicians. There were divisions in our Churches. The little Church in Schaghticoke had loyal men in its membership, and a few men who seemed happiest when reports from the front were of disaster to our arms. The condition will appear in an incident that occurred at a service of holy communion. The presiding elder was present and preached the sermon. It was a strong, loyal, but tactless defense of the war for the Union. Man after man stalked out of the house till less than half the audience remained. Pistols were fired in the vestibule. Still the sermon held on its way, and at its close the elder administered the sacrament to the very few who presented themselves at the altar. Nothing was made for the Union that night, and the outlook for a revival was surely not improved. For the next few weeks the pastor did little else but try to pacify an indignant people.

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Another fact in the situation, which rendered evangelistic work difficult, was that a large number of the young people had joined the Church the year previous, who were in no way religiously active. The new pastor's mistake was in not devising some means by which to lead these young people into a definite Christian experience. He simply did not know how to do it. He better understood how to take the sinner in the rough and lead him to Christ, than how to lead one who had been encouraged to "indulge a hope" without a definite experience of conversion. The latter task has always been found by him the more difficult one. So spring and summer passed without a single conversion.

The fall of that year was a time of great political excitement. *Abraham Lincoln was a candidate for re-election*. The pastor shared in the excitement of that campaign. He felt it to be his duty to discuss—not the partisan questions of the hour, not the relative claims of the two parties and their candidates upon the American citizen, but the claims of the *Union* upon the support of every lover of his country, in a time when the very existence of our Republic was imperiled. He prepared his address with carefulness and prayer. He sought to avoid everything irritating; to approach men, not as of one party or the other, but *as men* who loved "the land of the free and the home of the brave," and who, at any sacrifice, were ready to serve their country. He did not mention the name of Lincoln or that of McClellan. At the close of the discourse men of widely diverse

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views and party affiliation gathered about him and heartily congratulated him. Several of the most prominent supporters of the administration in that town afterwards told him that a discourse like that from every pulpit in the North would insure Lincoln's election. He was invited to deliver that discourse in several places, and did so. On one of these occasions he found the committee fearful of violence at the hands of men of the baser sort. It had been reported that some of these had threatened to ride the speaker out of town on a rail. The meeting was held in the church, and a lot of fellows were crowded about the entrance on the approach of the chairman and the speaker. The latter said: "Good evening, gentlemen: allow us to pass, please." At the same time pushing his way through the crowd. A male quartet rendered, with telling effect, several of the touching war-songs of the time. Prayer was offered by a local pastor, which was as oil upon the waters, and the lecture was given without interruption. A collection was taken to cover the expenses of the meeting, and most of the men seemed to contribute cheerfully. While the provocation was great in those days to deal out invectives against those whose attitude toward the government at Washington was hostile, it may be doubted if the Union's cause was in any instance helped by it. Does invective ever help a cause in the interest of which it is supposed to be employed?

The conditions above indicated were surely not favorable to evangelistic work. It is a law of mind

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that profound interest can not be centered upon two dissimilar objects at the same time. The one supreme object of public interest monopolizes public attention and thought to the exclusion of all others not vitally related to it. The attitude of the public toward the Churches was kindly because it was felt that they were loyal to the Government, and that they could be counted on as one of the strongest factors in the maintenance of the Union. Notwithstanding a large contingent of the male population of every community had gone to the front, the proportion of men in the congregations was at least not diminished. They were attracted by the fact that the preacher was sure to pray for the success of the Union army, and whatever their creedal affiliations might be, whatever their notions in a general way as to the efficacy of prayer, they believed, in the dire need of the Nation, that God would hear and answer prayer. They might never themselves formally pray, but in their hearts was an unspoken *Amen* when the preacher prayed for the heavily-burdened President and the army of the Union. Then, too, they expected, whatever the theme of the sermon, that the preacher would somehow find his way to the expression of confidence in the outcome of the great conflict, and they were seldom disappointed. In a word religion, practically with the masses, had become a national affair instead of a personal matter.

And it was and is a national affair. The Lord was and ever will be the God of nations—of peoples. But when this truth is so asserted in our thought as

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to hide from us the fact of individual relations and personal accountability to God for our conduct, it becomes a barrier against the gracious ministration of the Holy Spirit. This, as it seems to us in retrospect, was the condition of the public mind at the time and place of which we write. But some one may say, "Is anything too hard for God?" Yes, the unbelief of Nazareth was too hard for Jesus, for "He could do no mighty works there because of their unbelief." Nevertheless, during the winter a few souls were converted and joined the Church in Schaghticoke. The record of that year, as of every year, is with God. May it not be that the pastor will find in the light of the judgment that the errors and shortcomings of that year are erased and the record only of the worthy in intention and effort remaining?

SOME THINGS WHICH EASED THE SITUATION

There are lighter veins intersecting the more serious stratification of life in all normal persons. No story would be accepted as true in which none of them appear. We do not refer to moral weaknesses or sinful tendencies rising out of a disordered animalism, and which occasion conflict, sometimes exceedingly bitter, in the truly good. These do not belong in any delineation of true character and life. They are not the man, though they are of the man. They impinge upon the good man, but do not belong to his selfhood. They are disowned and disinherited by his true self. To portray these is not true to

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the demands of realism. It were like including the sin of the tempter in the portrayal of the character of him whom he vainly sought to mislead. The lighter veins may not be as rich, but they are as natural and innocent and may be as needful to character as the more serious strata which they traverse. Laughter may be as innocent as tears, and it surely is more helpful to digestion. It is not a sign of sanctification that a man has reduced the God-given art of laughter to a sickly smile. We have no word of praise or apology for giggling idiocy. We see no evidence of grace in a frozen smile. But we do admire a cheery soul who yet can weep with the sorrowing. Who does n't?

There were lighter veins in our life in Schaghticoke. Over some of them we have often defeated attacks of indigestion in later years. We were seated at the desk in our study, when the hostess came saying: "There is a man in the sitting room who wants to see you. I think from his appearance he wants you to attend a funeral." "Good morning, sir!" "Morning!" Silence. "What can I do for you?" "Say, can you marry me and another woman?" "I'll try, if you wish it." So it was arranged that he and "another woman" would present themselves the next morning at nine o'clock for the ceremony, and of course the preacher looked forward to the event with interest. He decided to use the full Disciplinary form as a preparation for more formal occasions. At nine o'clock promptly on Sunday morning three couples arrived, and were

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ushered into the parlor by the lady of the house. The preacher came in, and thought to put the parties at greater ease by a little conversation. The man and "another woman" were seated together, and it was assumed that she was a contracting party. The preacher arose, requested this couple to stand, and proceeded with the ceremony. The introduction was about completed when he observed the bridegroom and the woman whispering. But he went on with the service, when the bridegroom, much agitated, approached the minister, saying: "This is a mistake, Dominie. That is the woman over there I want to marry"—pointing to one who was quietly sitting at the other side of the room. With this there was a shout of laughter, in which the preacher joined. *He had been marrying the man to the wife of another man who sat complacently by, in repressed laughter.* The company managed to pull themselves together after a time, and the knot was tied.

A few weeks later a man appeared one Sunday morning early, saying he wanted the preacher to marry a couple. "When?" "I leave that to you." "Where?" "I am not particular, just as you say." By probing the fellow, the preacher found that his indifference meant that he was willing to have the ceremony performed either *before* or *after* Church service, at the preacher's house, or at the hotel or at the church—"just as suits you best." The preacher went with the accommodating fellow to the hotel at once, and married the couple. He was

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getting experience and five dollars a couple, besides a little refreshing amusement.

Shortly after entering upon his work in Schaghticoke, a good common-sense farmer undertook to introduce the pastor to families in his "deestricht," some members of which attended the Methodist Church. We stopped at a home quite unlike an ordinary farm-house. On ringing the bell, a vision of feminine beauty, attired in white lawn with a dash of color here and there, and train attachment, opened the door, falling back with a courtesy that would have been the envy of the court ladies of France in the sixteenth century. It was too much for the equanimity of the good farmer, who stammered the introduction of the minister as "Mr. Quinlan." The minister, himself confused, remarked that to the best of his knowledge his name was Kimball. "O," said the vision of beauty, and she was beautiful, "it is a slight commitment of the lapsus linguæ," and she ushered us into the parlor. No other member of the family was visible, and after a little conversation, in which the good farmer did not care to join, we "arose to take our departure." Passing a center table on which was a bouquet, the vision of beauty caught it up and inquired, "Mr. Kimball, are you a lover of flowers?" "Well, hardly: I like them." "Why, I *love* them; I never was so happy in my life as when this bouquet was laid at the shrine of my flower-loving nature." Those words have never been forgotten. How could they? This lady was really a person of superior gifts, and of more than ordi-

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nary strength of character. As years passed she escaped from the dream world of her youth, and from the extravagant superfluity of words, into an admirable womanhood.

CUPID APPEARS

Cupid, with his bow and arrow, got after the preacher on this wise. On a hot day, early in May, he returned late in the afternoon to his study from a tour of pastoral calls in an outlying portion of his parish,—reduced his clothing to the minimum, lay down on the couch and fell into the sleep of the weary. On waking, he was surprised to find that he had slept much beyond the supper hour. He hastily dashed a little water to his face, thrust his fingers through his hair, pulled on an old study gown in which he had never appeared in the family, and hurried down to the dining room. He was abashed to find himself in the presence of company at table—a fine-looking, elderly gentleman and—horrors!—a very attractive young lady, who were introduced as Mr. and Miss Baker. He had not been so conscious of his first tailor-made coat with its brass buttons, as he now was of that old study-gown and the absence of a collar. It were bad enough had the elderly gentleman been alone, but that he should appear before *this young lady* in such careless attire! Had it only been any one else—except one other in the meshes of whose attractions his heart had been entangled for three years—why, well he might have made light of the situation.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

What made this young lady's presence so disconcerting? A fool, it is said, can ask questions which a wise man can not answer. That evening, as he saw her pass out through the gate to her father's carriage, he mentally said, "I will seek to know her better, and if she proves to be what I think she is, I will win her, if possible, for my wife." There were "chance" meetings, calls not of a pastoral nature, drives, camp-meeting, a waiting under the trees while her father went for the horses. When he drove up he received his daughter, who had just consented to become the wife of a Methodist minister. The Troy evening papers of April 19, 1865, announced: "Married to-day at noon, at the home of the bride, Henry D. Kimball, newly appointed pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Hagaman, N. Y., and Charlotte A. Baker, youngest daughter of Truman Baker, of Schaghticoke, N. Y. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. H. Robinson, in the presence of a large number of invited guests."

Surely that *was* a pivotal hour in the life of this man when he preached his trial sermon in the pulpit of the Schaghticoke Church in 1862. Upon it turned nearly thirty-six beautiful years of helpful fellowship—reciprocal affection and happiness. Then "Sunset and Evening Star!"

CHAPTER IV

AN EXCITING CONFERENCE

The Troy Conference held its annual session in 1865, in Plattsburg, N. Y., April 7th to 13th. There was nothing remarkable in the proceedings of the first two days. The usual routine of business was observed with the utmost quiet and decorum. But on the third day of the session, April 9th, suddenly—as we have sometimes seen the calm of a spring day broken by a fearful tempest, that dignified body of clergymen broke from the restraints of all order and decorum, and plunged into what would seem to an unsympathetic onlooker like the wild tumult of men who had “tarried long at the wine.” We shouted, we laughed, we wept, we sang songs, we swung hats—recently bought for Conference dress parade—to the ceiling—we rushed hither and thither and embraced each other with wild and crazy joy. Once or twice the good bishop rapped for order, but he might as well have whistled to Old Boreas himself. By one shrewd and laudable device he did succeed in calming the tumult for a few moments. “Brethren,” he shouted at the top of his voice, “we ought to thank the Lord. Let us pray.” But even then we were not still, for to every sentence uttered by the bishop many responded with loud “Amens!” and “Halle-

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lujahs!" As soon as the prayer was ended, the noisy demonstrations were renewed with even more vigor than before. If from sheer exhaustion of lung power there happened to be a lull in the tempest, some one was sure to start "John Brown's body," or "The Star-spangled Banner," or "My Country, 'tis of Thee,"—and off we went again. It was impossible to transact any serious business. Even the bishop at last surrendered to discretion, threw down his gavel and took a hand in the general confusion. It was a marvelous transformation from the staid and orderly assembly of the preceding days.

And yet neither then nor afterwards was there a vestige of shame or compunction visible on the countenances of any of us for such unseemly conduct in a house of worship. No apologies or explanations were made to the people whose hospitalities we were receiving. In fact, the good people of the town were about as wild and boisterous as ourselves—even the ladies being in perfect sympathy with the feelings of their guests. For some reason it was all proper and allowable on that day. The fountains of the great deep of memory and gratitude were suddenly broken up, and this deluge of demonstration was inevitable.

The cause of these strange proceedings need not be told. The date of their occurrence suggests their cause. Indeed, there has been but one event in at least forty-six years that would justify such conduct. Of that event the inhabitants of every city, town, and hamlet that could be reached, not only in the

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United States, but throughout the civilized world, were apprised that day.

A telegram had just reached our bishop, and with glowing face and streaming eyes he read it to the Conference:

"LEE SURRENDERS TO GRANT AT APPOMATTOX."

What was the full meaning of that telegram? It meant that the most stupendous civil war in history—which for four long, weary years had wasted the strength of our country, was virtually at an end. It meant that the sacrifice of the flower of American youth upon the altar of patriotism was at an end. Who can estimate this sacrifice? Thoughtful critics of this generation have complained that recent decades have not produced great men in statesmanship, in oratory, in art, and in poetry, such as glorified our earlier history. With a few exceptions the criticism is doubtless just. But need we look for explanation of the decline of our national genius in these respects further than to the fact that our institutions of learning furnished from their class-rooms a larger percentage of recruits for the army than came from any other pursuit of life? Is it asked, "Where are our Websters and Clays in statecraft, our Longfells and Whittiers in poetry, our Emersons and Thoreaus in literature, our Beechers and Simpsons in pulpit eloquence?" Our answer is—the men who might have succeeded them in their respective fields, and rivaled them in their claim to supremacy, went

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forth at their country's call, and now sleep in soldier's graves. That body of dignified clergymen had seen this sacrifice, and they went wild with joy that the end of it had come.

That telegram meant that the stain upon our Nation's fair fame was wiped away. No longer could we be taunted with our complicity with slavery while making our boast of liberty and equality. It meant that the fairest section of our country was relieved of the incubus of slavery—an institution that had weighted the feet of the Southern white man in his race for noblest progress. This institution, for which the South contended so hotly and so bravely, had closed the avenues to ennobling industry and repressed, through indolence, their native genius for literature, art, and the sciences. The surrender of Lee was the opening of a vista of progress and glory such as the South had never known. It meant the breaking forever of the chains of four million bondsmen, whose wild yet patient cries for freedom had long rent the very heavens. It meant that the fragments of the two contending armies were to return to the pursuits of peaceful industry and to the development of our country's resources.

It meant these things to all, and to each loyal heart it meant also something individual, and therefore not reducible to formal statement. Every such man had a personal history in connection with the war, personal sacrifices and losses, personal fears and anxieties, the outgrowth of his individuality, and which he shared with none other. And on this ninth

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day of April, 1865, each man felt his personal burden lifted. Is it strange that men from whom were suddenly rolled such oppressive burdens did not maintain the poise of dignified composure, but went wild with joy and gratitude? Poise! The man to whom poise were possible in such conditions might justly be challenged to prove himself either a patriot or a Christian. And Methodist preachers with rare exceptions are both patriots and Christians.

TESTS OF FAITH

It was at this Conference that the preacher whose life-story we record was appointed by Bishop Kingsley to the Church at Hagaman. He and his wife went directly after their marriage to their designated field of work. There was not a person in that little village whom either of them had ever met. They knew nothing of the condition of the "charge," save the relatively insignificant facts which they had gleaned from the Conference Minutes—viz., the salary paid, the number of members, and the estimated value of the church property. It was assumed—contrary to the fact—that there was a hotel in the village where they might put up with more or less comfort till they could secure a desirable place to board. The preacher has since wished he might have the ear of all young preachers long enough to advise them not to take the woman they have just married onto a "charge" until they have themselves visited it, learned the situation, and

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made the best possible provision for the wife's comfort on her arrival. This preacher's experience in Hagaman led him to seriously, solemnly, and most emphatically pronounce himself a fool, with a prefix which to some ears might have sounded almost profane, for not taking the precaution which he has sometimes urged upon his younger brethren. The first week in Hagaman was one of keenest torture to him—not because of his personal discomfort, but because of what he knew it must be to the dear little woman—uncomplaining and brave, though she was—whom he had just taken from a home of comfort and refinement. Three years ago he stood on the bridge that spans the stream which runs through that village, and recalled the thought which was almost a wish forty-three years ago when he stood on that same spot, "If I lay at the bottom of this water, she might go back to her dear old home." And the old man said "Fool," without the prefix, as he remembered his lack of forethought for the comfort of his bride.

That first week was given to a search for some home-like shelter—and one, only one could he find. The fact that he was a minister barred the door of that home against him. But his insistence overcame, as it often has, and he and his wife were pleasantly domiciled in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Davis. And it was a *home*. No member of that family was a professed Christian. They were attendants of the Reformed Church. They were good, but in no true sense religious. Mr. Davis's

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business took him much of the time away from home. He was a kind man and upright—never offending by speaking triflingly of religion or the Church. Always cheery, given to fun and humor. Optimistic—perhaps to a fault. Mrs. Davis was a superior woman, educated and refined much above the average in her sphere in life. Withal, a capable homemaker. The preacher knew from the first, what later was confirmed by confession, that these good people were reluctant to admit him to their home because they thought he, as a minister, would restrict their liberty and take somewhat from the cheer of life. This fact served him as a clew to his purpose. He would win them to his Master by entering heartily into their life. He saw that he could do this since there was nothing in their home-life into which he could not enter with a good conscience. He would try to show them that Christianity instead of depleting life, fulfills or completes it. It was not long till the family and the *intruders* were on the footing of friendship. As time passed, the preacher often questioned if his policy of silence on the matter of personal religion was justifiable. The subject of religion was not tabooed from the conversation, but their personal duty to God was never pressed upon them. There were times when, going to his study from the table or from a pleasant hour in the family, the preacher would bow before his Lord and ask forgiveness if he had failed to do his duty by these friends, and for such guidance as would enable him to see and to use every opportunity that

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Providence might open for him to help them. And yet the opportunity did not seem to him to have come. The year was almost gone. It was not his purpose to remain another year with that Church. If he were to do anything to help these friends into the Kingdom, he must do it quickly. And yet it seemed to him *the hour had not yet come*. He had just returned from the last prayer-meeting he expected ever to hold with that Church. In a few days he must start for Conference. Was he never to appeal to these friends in his Master's name? For answer, a rap at his door. On opening it there stood a lady, saying, "Mr. Kimball, may I come in, and will you pray for me?" That lady was a member of the family and, as the preacher had supposed, "cared for none of these things." Within a half hour she was rejoicing in the consciousness of acceptance with God.

The next morning he was purposely late to breakfast, hoping for an opportunity to see Mrs. Davis alone. As she was pouring his coffee, he said, "Do you know, Mrs. Davis, that Jennie was converted last evening?" "Yes, she told me." And, bursting into tears, she added, "O, pray for me." Kneeling, the preacher prayed; Mrs. Davis prayed. It was long before either thought of breakfast. During the forenoon she found the Savior. Mr. Davis was away on a business trip. The preacher went to Conference. On his return he found Mr. Davis was converted also. A happy family—all rejoicing in the peace and joy which our Lord gives to those

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who seek Him. Later, Mrs. Davis remarked: "I am thankful you did not talk to us about our duty to become Christians. It was our fear that you would that made us unwilling to take you as boarders. When you had been with us a few months *we knew that you cared, and that you prayed for us, and that touched us.*" How did they know? May not interest in another's spiritual welfare find expression in ways other than that of speech? We would not seem to underestimate the importance of direct personal appeal to the unconverted. Indeed, we are convinced that this method of work is too generally neglected by the modern Church. But to do it effectively, there are two necessary prerequisites: First, a deep, personal interest in the one to whom the appeal is made; and, secondly, a keen discriminating judgment of that one's mental and spiritual condition. There is very much in wisely timing one's efforts. An appeal which at one time might win, at another time might repel. Surely, "he that winneth souls is wise." Without wisdom any one can repel souls—alas! sometimes to their utter undoing. Silence is sometimes golden, sometimes criminal. How shall we know when to be silent, and when to speak? First, *Profoundly care to know.* Second, Follow, after earnest prayer, and with prayer, the course which seems to our judgment to be the one to which the Spirit impels us.

There was a young man in the Hagaman congregation in whom the pastor was specially interested on early acquaintance. He had been on

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the lookout for a favorable opportunity to talk with him in regard to his spiritual condition. He was particular to seize only a very *favorable* opportunity. Such did not present itself. It was mid-winter, only three months till Conference. The pastor was passing the mill in which the young man was employed, when he saw him at work outside in the bitter cold. He was impelled to appeal to him, but passed on, thinking it unkind and unwise to do so in such conditions. Then he thought: "Three-fourths of the year has gone while I have been waiting for a good opportunity. Only three months are left me in which to win him for the Lord. I'll begin now." He turned back, took the young man's hand, saying: "Will, I want you to be a Christian. I have prayed for you ever since I have known you. Please promise me to seek the Savior." And he did. A few days later, he and his mother bowed at the altar and were received into the Church. He has been an efficient worker in the First Church, Amsterdam, N. Y., for many years. The writer does not *know* that he did right in deferring so long his direct effort to lead him to Christ, but he *believes* that his effort was divinely timed.

The important thing for the believer is to make himself available to his Lord for such work, and for any work, by self-surrender to the divine will, holding himself responsive to the leading of the Holy Spirit. A Christian so consecrated may expect the divine leading. Yet not so as to make us inerrant. It is wise to remember that divine leading

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is not like that of a father who takes his child by the hand and leads him whithersoever he pleases. The Holy Spirit leads us through our thought faculties and by motivities. And as our faculties are imperfect, the perfect leading is limited by their imperfection. It is like the competent teacher, the efficiency of whose instruction is limited by the measure of the student's receptivity. This should teach us to claim divine leading with a modesty born of the consciousness of our personal limitations.

The year in Hagaman was not on the whole a pleasant one. The young pastor had found the Church rent in twain by his predecessor's removal. A large majority of the "officials" had voted for "a change." But the people, with few exceptions, desired the pastor's return for another year. The change was made. The young man appointed to succeed him had no knowledge of the situation. He quickly learned it on his arrival. The people were so unreasonable as to treat the young man as if he were guilty of their dear pastor's removal. The class-meeting after the young man's first sermon was more like a funeral than a meeting for grateful testimony to the Lord's faithfulness. The atmosphere was full of gloom; the tears of bereavement were upon the faces of many; audible sighs floated on the funereal air. The pastor *did n't*, but he *felt like* "lifting the tune." "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound." Instead, he began by calling on the sister most sad of them all to give her testimony, and she gave it with tears and gasps, closing with

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these words, "I don't feel as if I could ever enjoy preaching again now that our dear pastor is taken away from us." There were sobs throughout the room. Of course, the young pastor was *jubilant*, (?) and he formed forthwith a resolution to furnish them the conditions for a like funeral occasion at the end of the year. He would serve them as best he could—but only for that year. At the expiration of the first six months these very mourners were his fast friends. They knew nothing of his purpose—nobody did—till the year was ended and he was starting for Conference. The presiding elder insisted that he should serve them another year. At last, under the elder's insistence, he said positively and finally that *he would not*.

This was one of his many mistakes. He was slow to see it, but in time he saw and felt it keenly. He had not sought for divine guidance in this matter. It did not occur to him to do so. The situation seemed so clearly to indicate that he ought not to subject himself to the whims of a people who were so unreasonable. Now that his predecessor's friends had been won to him, there were a few in the Board who had become indifferent, and one positively antagonistic. There was a small deficit in the salary, and the Board took no measures to raise it, though at last it was raised, and paid by friends outside the Board. This would doubtless widen the breach between the officials and the people. To him it was "a clear case;" he ought not to return. Two things which he did not put into the

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scales at all should have had great weight with him. First. When he stood before the bishop as a candidate for the office of a deacon, he promised to "reverently obey them to whom the charge and government over him is committed, following with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions." Yet he now said to those who had "charge and government over him," when told of their purpose to send him back, "I will not go." This was rebellion, and deserved harsher treatment than it received. It was a violation of the vows which he had taken. Second. He should have had greater respect for the personal judgment of his elder, who was acquainted with the situation and whose judgment was informed by a much wider experience than his own.

He did not mean to be obstinate or self-willed, but he was not as teachable as he should have been. He was sure he was right; he is not so sure of it now. Neither is he now certain that his judgment was in error, though seemingly deplorable results followed. One of these was that the man sent to that Church proved unacceptable, was removed after a few weeks, and the pulpit left for a long time unsupplied. It proved a bad year for the Church. The other seemingly resultant fact was that our young preacher's health was so broken during the second year of his next appointment that he did not wholly recover it in four years. Whether there was any relation between the fact of a bad year for the Church and the fact of broken health of the preacher and his

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positive refusal to return to Hagaman, can not be known. His health might have broken in Hagaman, and the Church might have had quite as bad a year under his leadership. But that experience ever after, influenced his bearing toward those who were over him in authority.

CHAPTER V

CONFERENCE AT CAMBRIDGE, N. Y.

THE Conference session of 1866 was held in Cambridge, N. Y. There were but a few incidents we care to record. Bishop E. S. Janes presided, a man held in high esteem by our Church, and revered as one of unusual saintliness of character. He was a good parliamentarian, but was not equal to some of his coadjutors in imparting zest to the proceedings. He held strictly to business, except when he felt impelled to make a speech for the instruction or reproof of the brethren. He saw an opportunity when a chair was presented to him in which Bishop Asbury sat—when in one of his itineraries he visited the old Ashgrove church. It gave him the opportunity to magnify things and people—especially preachers that were old, and to minify things that were new, and preachers who were young. Some of us who heard him that day would perhaps enjoy his address more than we did then. *There is always so much in a viewpoint.*

There was a preaching service on the program for the evening. The man who was to preach wired the committee during the afternoon that it was impossible for him to reach the seat of the Conference. So the search began for a preacher willing

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to stand in the breach. Very late in the afternoon the writer was proffered the honor, proof that all the active preachers of the Conference had declined. Rev. Seymore Coleman, a veteran superannuate, was at last invited and, like the hero he had ever been, he consented. Before announcing his text, he remarked that "a Methodist preacher ought always to be ready to preach and to die." His text was, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." His divisions were:

- I. Be faithful.
- II. Be faithful if it kills you.
- III. Be faithful till you die anyway.

It was really a telling sermon of a kind which only he knew how to preach. A grand old man was he—merciless in his pulpit-assaults upon sin, even upon weakness, but a St. John in his tenderness when dealing with the penitent sinner or the confessedly weak disciple. Some of his blood runs in the veins of his nephew, Dr. John H. Coleman, a man who on occasions can sway an audience as few men we have ever heard.

HISTORIC GROUND

The seat of this Conference is historic ground. Within two or three miles of the village of Cambridge, at a point known as Ashgrove, Philip Embury organized the first Methodist society north of New York City. This is the man who in 1766 preached

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the first Methodist sermon in New York, organized the first class, was instrumental in building the first church, known as Wesley Chapel, preached the dedicatory sermon, and until 1769 preached two or three sermons each week from its pulpit. That society developed into the John Street Church, and is still a factor in the work of Methodism in the great metropolis. When in 1769 preachers came from England to take up the work in that city, Mr. Embury and several of the Palatines who had been associated with him moved to East Salem, N. Y. He continued to employ his gifts as a local preacher, and organized a society at Ashgrove, the first in what is now the territory of Troy Conference. August, 1773, he passed to his reward, and his body was interred on the Binninger farm. Nearly sixty years later the remains were disinterred and removed to Ashgrove. When the people of Cambridge had provided a cemetery of surpassing beauty, and the old burying ground at Ashgrove had ceased to be used for its original purpose, it was thought that a proper respect for the memory of Philip Embury would justify the removal of all that was mortal of one so worthy and self-sacrificing in his life to a spot that would be under perpetual care. It was arranged that the removal should take place during the Conference session, followed by a cortege of two hundred and fifty Methodist preachers. The occasion was exceedingly impressive, and the oration pronounced by Bishop Janes was worthy of the occasion. There

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now rests the dust of him who, under God, set in motion one of the mightiest forces of our Christian civilization, awaiting the resurrection call to immortal life and glory.

HARD WORK AND PHYSICAL BREAKDOWN

Our recalcitrant preacher was appointed to the Church in Fultonville, N. Y. It had never been a strong Church, though it had been highly favored in the class of men given to its pastorate, most of whom subsequently rose to prominence in the Conference. The result was that its pastors had come to be held in high esteem by the people of that village. There was only one other Church there—the Dutch Reformed—a good number of the members and attendants of which contributed to the support of the Methodist pastor, and were usually present at the Sunday evening service. The best social circle of the community was always open to the itinerant and his wife. A pleasant field in many ways for a young preacher. The new appointee entered upon his work with enthusiasm. His Sunday services were as follows: Sunday school, 9.15 A. M., part of his term as superintendent and part as teacher; Preaching, 10.30 A. M., followed by class-meeting, which was led by him. Preaching, 2.30 P. M., at Stone Ridge, three or four miles distant. Preaching at the home church, 7.30 P. M., preceded or followed by prayer meeting. The year passed pleasantly, but was not productive of

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desired results. Congregations increased, but there were very few conversions. The pastor returned the second year, and announced from his pulpit that he "had waited a whole year for a door to open into success, but now with divine help he meant to push on that door till it opened." There may have been something of bravado in his spirit, but he was not conscious of it. He set himself to seek the spirit of revival in his own heart. His reading and study were directed on lines suited to a deepening of his spiritual life. His themes were chosen and his sermons were made with an eye to the spiritual awakening of his people. He searched his own heart diligently in the light of McDonald's "New Testament Standard of Piety." He was deeply impressed that his great need was *power*—divine power to cope with and overcome the indifference of the people, and the unconscious opposition on the part of the Church membership to downright, honest spiritual effort for the salvation of souls. He prayed for this power—but it did not come. He continued to press on the door opening into revival conditions. A camp-meeting was advertised. At an expense he could ill afford, he went to it hoping to gain the coveted power. He had known it in former experiences. It had been given to him for his work in Keene, N. H. But somehow in this field, all his study, meditation, prayer, and work failed of the blessing. He entered a tent where a meeting was in progress on the campground, and at his earliest opportunity told his need and asked the

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prayers of the good people. The prayers which followed were practically an impeachment of his Christian experience and character before God. They told the Heavenly Father about the uncleanness of this preacher's heart, the idols which he cherished, etc. Lifting the flap of the tent he passed out, leaving the good people to complete their indictment of him before the Lord. Going home, disappointed, but not discouraged, he took up his work determined to do what he could and leave results with God. Under disheartening conditions, conscious of his lack of power, there was half hidden away in his subconsciousness something like an unformulated confidence that God would not fail him, but that the power would be given when the hour for action arrived. It was perhaps in November that he began special meetings, and *the coveted power came to his soul*. For two weeks there was little response on the part of the people, when suddenly they filled the church. During that week there were several conversions, and conviction was evidently extending and deepening in the hearts of the people. The last meeting was held on Saturday evening. The audience filled the church. An awful sense of the guilt and peril of the unsaved took possession of the pastor's soul. He has only a few times in a long ministry preached with such a vision of the consequences of sin in eternity as was opened to him that evening. Several presented themselves at the altar for prayer. Before closing the service the pastor gave an exhortation, during which there

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were many blanched faces in the audience. The benediction was pronounced, and the pastor sank into a chair exhausted, and in much physical suffering. He was assisted, half carried, to his home. In the morning, without his knowledge, a doctor was called. On seeing him the preacher protested against treatment, saying, "I MUST PREACH TO-DAY." The doctor replied: "Preach to-day! Why man, you have been preaching for weeks with one lung. Not a particle of air passes into your left lung. It is as solid as liver. Besides that, you are suffering with pleurisy." Have you ever wondered what the feelings of a man must be who hears the sentence of death passed upon him? If he be conscious of innocence, and has a high and worthy ambition which he is just about to realize, his feelings must be somewhat like those of the preacher that morning. "What! Must I be turned away on the eve of the victory for which I have toiled and prayed? What of those men and women whose blanched faces betrayed the conviction that was tugging at their souls? Am I denied the sweet privilege of leading them to Jesus Christ? If I can not do it—I whom God has used to awaken them—who will do it?" But this was only for a little time. The preacher's Savior drew near and spoke to him. It is true the voice was too "still" and "small" for the outer ear to catch, but was clear and sweet to the soul's ear as He said, "My peace I give unto you," and a peace sweeter than he had ever known swept into his soul "like an infinite

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calm." He might not preach again, but perhaps he could live for Christ, and if not he could die for Him, which would be far better. And thus the short conflict ended, and he rejoiced with exceeding joy, and his joy none could take from him. Nothing was permitted to trouble him. Everything was in God's hands, and he was relieved from all care. The Lord would take care of the work which his break seemed to have interrupted; and if he were to live a broken, helpless life, the Lord would take care of him and his other self. It was easy to trust Him whose promises were never broken, and it all seemed so reasonable too. After a couple of months followed convalescence. The immediate crisis was passed. Then came the question of God's plan concerning what might remain to him of life on earth. Was he to preach? The doctors consulted all said no! His presiding elder frankly, if not so kindly, told him he could not give him an appointment at the next Conference, which was only a little more than two months distant, for, as he said, "it would be an injustice to the Church to which you might be sent, as they would have to bury you in less than three months." Yet the impression was strong upon his own mind that it was God's plan for him to preach. He recalls as he writes the hour spent in prayer after receiving his elder's not overkind rebuff. That prayer repeated in varied form was, "Please, Lord, take me to Thyself or let me live to preach the gospel." He went forth from that prayer-hour assured that he was to preach. In an interview

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with the presiding elder of the Albany District, Rev. Samuel Meredith, he told him of his impression, and of the way in which he had gained it, adding, "I ask for nothing but a chance; a charge to serve anywhere, at any salary, only so the work is not heavy and the location is favorable to recovery of health." The dear man put his arms around the young brother, tears streaming from his eyes, and said, "My brother, you shall be given an appointment."

Accordingly, at the Conference session of 1868, Bishop Scott announced his appointment to Galway. It was brought about as follows: In the winter of '66 this young man assisted the pastor of the Galway Church, Rev. Richard Meredith, in revival work, preaching every evening for four weeks. A committee from this Church was now at the Conference to secure a preacher. Presiding Elder Meredith told them of this young man's impaired health, and at the same time advised them to interview him. They called on him at his place of entertainment, looked him over as carefully as either of them would look a horse over he thought of buying; questioned him, and then, after a few minutes of silence, one said to the other, "Burhans, I'm willing to risk it; ain't you?" "Yes, guess I am." And so it was settled that this broken down horse should plow the Methodist field in Galway, and he was grateful for the privilege. He had not preached for four months. He was still very weak. He was re-entering the pulpit over the protest of his physician, but with the deep persuasion that he was in

CONFERENCE AT CAMBRIDGE, N. Y.

the divine order. There were times when he was unable to complete his sermon—when vital force was so far spent in the pulpit that he needed assistance from the church to the parsonage. He sought to conceal the fact from the audience, and was aided in this effort by his wife. It was a struggle for life, but he was happy in making it because he was confident of the outcome. The gain was slow, but it was making. At the end of four years recovery was complete. The first two of these his life was chiefly out of doors—his study was abandoned. Health was his pursuit.

During this time he had come to feel that the sphere of his work was not to be what he had supposed. He would accept it in a spirit of cheerful acquiescence, and adjust himself and his methods to the fields which he seemed destined to serve. This meant that he ought to develop chiefly the pastoral function of his ministry. He must be "a mixer"—spending most of his time among the people, out on the farms, in the shops, stores, and homes—anywhere that the people are. As to preaching, he must cultivate a free, off-hand ad captandum hortatory style. This was his thought when in 1870

HE WAS APPOINTED TO SERVE THE CHURCH IN DALTON, MASS.

At the second Quarterly Conference of that year, Rev. C. F. Burdick, presiding elder, was his guest, and he spoke the first word of encouragement and

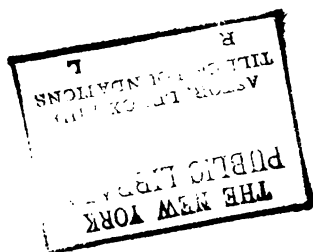
RECORDS OF A JOURNEY

counsel in reference to his work he had received since joining the Conference. This elder urgently advised the young man to go into his study, to work there hard every day, doing only so much outside work as was needful to his health. "If you will do this, I will not hesitate after two years to nominate you for any Church on the Troy District." The preacher was amazed. He looked into the elder's face to see if he were trifling with him, and asked, "Brother Burdick, do you really mean that?" "I certainly do. And as a spur to your effort, I will put you on the program of our District Camp-meeting for a sermon, and I will give you the best hour of the best day of the meeting, Thursday morning. You will have a little over six weeks to prepare your sermon. Be sure to do your best,—the Lord help you!" Was a young man ever so astounded? He could n't help it—he *just cried*. All the pent-up feeling, the repressed disappointment were transmuted by these kind words into hope and gratitude. Right there he mentally consecrated himself anew to God's service on lines of work more to his taste than those to which he had been trying to adjust himself. He made that sermon for the camp-meeting—made it over, and over again, during the intervening six weeks, and at the camp-meeting delivered it under the conscious blessing of God. And that sermon made his next appointment.

At the presiding elder's next visit he said: "I want to put you on the program for the Sunday school Anniversary at the next Conference. You



WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., METHODIST CHURCH.



CHURCH AT DALTON, MASS.

will be the only speaker, and I need not say I want you to do your best." During all the months before Conference the preacher worked, as he could command time from other duties, on that address. The presiding officer, on the evening that he delivered it, was the presiding elder who had told him four years before that "it would be an injustice to appoint him to any Church, for they would have to bury him in less than three months." At the close of the service he offered congratulations, saying, "Kimball, that address will be worth a thousand dollars to you." These things are recorded, first, out of gratitude to Rev. C. F. Burdick, and the affection in which he holds his memory; second, in the hope that they may lead some district superintendent to save the young men under his charge, from the injury of disappointment, to a wider usefulness.

Among the happiest pastorates of a long ministry the writer holds that of Dalton, Mass. The Church did not rank with any he has since served in numbers, strength, or general standing, but the pastor's life with that people was made very happy by their appreciation, kind considerateness, and unflinching affection. And he loved them. Though forty years have passed since his relation with them as pastor was severed, and most of them have joined the host of immortals, their old pastor yet carries them in his heart. How great the multitude, and ever increasing, of those who wait the coming of us who are still toiling to fill out our little day.

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UNDER THE INSPIRING SHADOW OF "OLD WILLIAMS"

The Minutes of Troy Conference of 1872 have in the record of appointments the following: "Williamstown, Mass.—Henry D. Kimball." There were many things which combined to make this a desirable appointment. It was located in the beautiful Berkshire valley. The village was one of surpassing loveliness, notwithstanding a man of a nearby manufacturing village was reported to have said, "They ain't got nothin' in Williamstown but blackberries and Commencements." He was mistaken. Mark Hopkins was there—a man who for wealth of learning, grandeur of character, genius for imparting truth and mental stimuli to his students, was the peer of any man in this country. Albert Hopkins was there, a man of rare consecration of heart and life, but who lived, as his published journal indicates, under the power of a super-sensitive conscience and in the glare of a perpetual day of judgment. Yet the unjust severity of self-judgment was never carried over to others. He found it easy and right to excuse weakness and shortcoming in others, and therefore the people loved him. Had he measured himself by the rule of graciousness which he applied to others, and by which our Lord judges us all, he had been a happier man. He was good, heroically good, and the sweetness of his charity must still shed its fragrance through the memory of his students who are yet in the thick of battle against evil. John Bascom was there, strong,

UNDER THE SHADOW OF "OLD WILLIAMS"

rugged in nature; firm as the hills in conviction; fearless in utterance; keen in discrimination; kind in spirit; brotherly in helpfulness; a successful educator and philosophical writer. Drawn away from Williams to the presidency of Wisconsin State University, after thirteen years he returned to Williams. And Williams! What need to add College.

So much for the setting of the Church in Williamstown. Let it be confessed that the Church was only most distantly related to the College. Yet the professors were kind to our people, and frequently laid the pastor under obligation by supplying his pulpit. Then, too, they occasionally honored him by their presence when he preached, and by inviting him to address the students in chapel. In fact, the College made the mental atmosphere of the village invigorating to any whose culture prepared them to appreciate it.

The church edifice was new, having been dedicated only a few months before Conference. It was really a beautiful building for one costing only a little above twenty thousand dollars, and it amply met the needs of the congregation. There were men in that society of sturdy character, of deep and intelligent devotion to the Lord's cause. Most prominent among these was the Hon. Sumner Southworth, than whom it were difficult to find anywhere a man more thoroughly consecrated to God and the Church. He had accumulated what, judged by the standard of that community, was regarded as wealth. And he held it as the Lord's steward. In

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no way extravagant, living modestly but not meanly, he used his wealth for the glory of God and the good of man. He paid more than half the entire cost of the new church, more than half the salary received by the writer during his pastorate, and more than half the total of the Church's benevolence. He did not dictate to his brethren or to his pastor the policy of the Church. He was deeply interested in its work, and loyally co-operative in it. While serving as representative in the State House at Boston he was almost invariably in his pew in the home church on Sabbath. He was constantly alert to seize every opportunity to serve the cause of his Master. He was an eager listener at every Church service, hearing for his own help and prayerfully for the help of others. He passed to his reward many years ago—leaving a clean record in all the relations of life, and when tidings of his going reached this, his one-time pastor, it was keenly felt that much of the joy of Christian fellowship had been taken from his life.

There were other men who contributed much to the success of the pastorate of which we write. One deserves mention, not for his abilities as men are often reckoned, but for his wonderful faith. He was a simple-hearted man, of very humble life, and limited attainments intellectually. He cut no figure in the business, social, or political life of the town. He was in many ways eccentric, and in some not pleasantly so. He was converted after reaching middle life, and his previous character had not been marked by any of the virtues. This fact remained

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a troublesome factor in his later life. It was not simply that memory held the record of wrong-doing, but the years of wrong-doing had created a habit of thought that often caused painful mental conflict. He had been a dishonest man, to the extent of sometimes deliberately appropriating the property of others without their knowledge. He more than once confessed this to the writer, but in terms much briefer and more direct, adding with evident pain, "I sometimes see a chance to do that thing now, and I feel the same wicked impulse." But no man in that community was ever known to charge this man with a dishonest deed after his conversion. All honor to the man who maintains a winning fight against base or sinful tendencies! All glory to Him who makes such a man victorious! This man was not gifted with graceful speech. He was rugged, quaint, and sometimes coarse in expression. It was only occasionally that he would offer a prayer that did not offend the ears of the fairly cultured. He would often say the most serious things in a way to produce laughter among the young people. But he was a man of mighty faith. Indeed, the writer has never known his equal for a *commanding* faith. He who records this testimony often felt its *compelling* power. On more than one occasion, when that aged brother slipped quietly from his seat upon his knees during preaching, the preacher felt a power come upon him which carried him away from his plan, and drew from his lips persuasives that led awakened souls to surrender to God. There

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were times when, while that man silently prayed, the preacher could not cease his appeal till some soul surrendered to God. No other man ever so influenced him in this way. And there were times when in vocal prayer his thought was mighty and his language eloquent. An aged saint told the writer of an instance illustrative of the elements of power in this man's prayer. It was the night of the mid-week meeting. As the meeting progressed, this man began to pray. He seemed pressed down and burdened. Sentences fell from his lips with unusual deliberation, but every word seemed loaded with longing. Soon he began to pray for the men of that community. He pictured their indifference and hardness of heart; their absorption in material things; and then his thought struck out into the future, and in tones that trembled with horror he pictured in few, but awful words the doom to which they were hastening; then, in a voice that seemed to fill every word with an unuttered sob, he began to plead for these imperiled men: "Father, we can not reach them. They will not listen to us. They will not come to Thy house to hear of Thy love for them. There have been many warnings, but they do not heed them. O Father! we pray for some one of them; we do not know which one, but O, Father! while we pray, let the light of eternity flash upon him, and send him to this meeting." On and on he prayed—piling up arguments why God should interpose to save that people. The door opened, and a man entered—unobserved by the praying

UNDER THE SHADOW OF "OLD WILLIAMS"

company, he walked into their midst and, falling upon his knees, began to pray for mercy.

This was the beginning of a great revival. Is not this spirit and gift of prayer the great need of the Church to-day? Its absence is sadly significant. And what is its significance? A superficial experience; a weak grasp of spiritual things; little fellowship with our Lord; little merging of our life into that of Jesus; little fellowship with His suffering. O, we make so little of religion beyond a state of mental comfort! And all the time our Lord is yearning to express His love for lost men and women through human sympathy; to illustrate His infinite pity through the deep solicitude and intercessory prayers of His disciples for the unsaved.

There was another man in this Church who in other ways contributed very much to the success of the writer's pastorate—Mr. John L. Cole, whose later years were passed in Seattle, Wash. At the time of which we write he was in his early prime—a farmer, who during a large portion of each year had several Scandinavians in his employ. He was a very busy man, but he always found time to give to the work of the Church. One winter during the progress of revival meetings he said to one of the men of his employ, "We will not send the gray team into the mountain (where his men were cutting and hauling wood) to-day, and I want you to help me in some work here." They built on a pair of bobs a large platform with stakes in front and on either side, around which strong ropes were tied.

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The rear was left open. Early in the evening he started out, dinner horn in hand, and driving through the outskirts of the village, blowing the horn, he announced in stentorian voice, "A free ride to and return from the revival meetings." And each night he brought as many to the meetings as could stand on that platform—many of whom would otherwise have been unable to attend the meetings. It was said that forty people were crowded upon that platform every evening. Was it simply a coincidence that just forty persons were received into full connection with the Church from that work of revival? Perhaps—but we are quite sure there had been less than forty but for Mr. Cole's service. In recent years we have together rejoiced over that work, and we think we will in heaven. Among its fruits was a young lady school teacher who rode on that platform to the meetings, and later gave her life as a missionary in South America. She long held out against the persuasives of the gospel, but there came an evening when the pastor, under the influence of the aged man whose mighty faith has been described, and who was now kneeling in silent prayer, was led to press appeals beyond what ordinarily he could approve, till at last, as by one desperate effort, she broke from that which had restrained her and came forward to the altar. That was felt by many to be a critical hour in some soul's history, but it was known only to the pastor that the appeals were addressed to that particular person. To him it was clear that she had reached the great crisis of her

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life. How it was made clear to him he has never known. The Holy Spirit does not explain the *how* or the *why* of its leadings. It was not till twenty-eight years had passed, and that lady had gone to her reward, that he learned of her missionary work and her life sacrifice in South America. Was not she, as was Saul of Tarsus, "a chosen vessel to bear the the Lord's name" to a darkened people? Is it a thing unthinkable that God should use unusual measures, as He did with Saul, to bring such chosen vessels under His hand? Man as a moral agent can not be coerced to moral choice, but it is consistent with the law of moral freedom that he should be mightily influenced, pressed up to the line which separates liberty from coercion. Is it possible that the Christian Church has lost much of her power in the world through excessive devotion to the law of moral liberty? We must believe in that law, for it is interwoven with our moral nature. But may we not believe it *in a way to at least partially paralyze the power of faith*? We dare not say that the moral Ruler of the Universe would compel the moral choice of any soul—but we would come just as near to saying it as we dare. And we must say that all that Infinite Love can do for any soul God wills to be done. All the might of human love and sympathy, surcharged with a divine pathos, He would have employed to induce men to accept His freely proffered grace and salvation. But many of us, because of a false conception of moral freedom, are disposed to protect the sinner's liberty against undue

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pressure. Let us have done with this destructive idolatry of will worship, and make ourselves available to the purposes of God's great love by throwing our nature open to every impulse of the Holy Spirit, while we seek to bring sinners to Christ.

Two very pleasant years were spent in Williamstown. The people of the Church were kindness itself, and co-operated with the pastor in unusual harmony and with entire unanimity. Eighty souls were added to the Church on profession of faith. Three of the twenty-four months were given to revival work. The memories of that people carried through all the years are a joy to him who was one time their pastor.

Yet there were some things which impressed him in the beginning of his work with this excellent people as calling for correction. In what follows there is neither thought or feeling of unkindness. There was not a person in that Church who is not held in affectionate remembrance by the writer.

He soon discovered that many persons in the congregation had fallen into the habit of inattention to the services. Some of the older people would take an attitude most favorable to a nap when the text was announced, and sleep thus invited speedily embraced them. Some of the younger people indulged their social habits during the sermon. This situation was very annoying to the preacher. He recalls one Sunday morning when he came to his pulpit profoundly impressed and deeply moved by the subject chosen for discourse. It was, "Jesus

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in Gethsemane." He had spoken perhaps eight minutes, when he saw several fast asleep and others whispering. He cried out with a loud voice, "What, can ye not watch with me one hour? Your Savior is in Gethsemane, in an agony unto death, and you, His disciples, fast asleep! And you, some of you, trifling in the presence of the Savior's suffering! To some of you He may say, 'Sleep on and take your rest;' for the hour for watching is forever passed." It was seemingly a perilous thing to do, but the Holy Spirit went with the words. For the next thirty-five minutes there was not an inattentive person in that church. If the preacher knows what unction is, he preached with "an unction from the Holy One" that morning; a great solemnity rested upon the people and many were in tears. At the close of the service, a man by the name of Solomon, himself always a close listener, said to the pastor: "In a little while the sleepers will all be awake. They formed the habit when there was n't much to listen to."

A few—a very few of the college students were disposed to conduct that reflected heavily upon themselves or their upbringing. Without calling the attention of the congregation to them individually, the preacher pleasantly informed them that for the future any disorder would result in the arrest of the guilty party. "Do not make the mistake of thinking that because I say this pleasantly, I do not mean it. I certainly mean just what I say." Shortly after this two students called on the pastor, and

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began to plead with him not to subject them to the shame of arrest. It was evident these fellows were guilty of some disorderly conduct in the church, and, as the pastor learned later, had been informed that complaint had been lodged against them, and that they were to be arrested the next morning. One said, "I would n't have my mother know that I had been arrested for improper conduct in church for anything," and the fellow cried like a child in prospect of a thrashing. After exacting a promise of good behavior in the future, the preacher assured them he would see that they were not arrested for this offense, and sent them on their way with his blessing. That was the end of any conspicuous disorder in that church during that pastorate. The sleepers gave wakeful attention, the frolicsome behaved like young men and women of self-respect, and the congregation is remembered as one of the most appreciative the pastor ever had. Is he wrong in the belief that the preacher is himself responsible for improper conduct in the services which he conducts? The fear of giving offense on the part of the preacher works more mischief than even imprudent efforts to maintain order. One part of the preacher's duty is to compel offenders against order, to show respect for the place and the services; yes, and the worshipers. We would not have it inferred from what has been said, that Williams' students were disorderly in our services. The many were not guilty of the conduct of a few.

A tendency on the part of a very few brethren

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to be interesting by trying to be witty in their prayer-meeting talks, called for correction. How was this to be accomplished? Ah, that was a problem. Had they been men of unworthy lives, the question could have been easily answered. Why, tell them point blank to quit it. But these were good men. They must some time have fallen under the influence of Lorenzo Dow, or somebody of that type. They thought they were serving the good cause. How help them to do better without squelching them? The pastor hit upon this plan. When they talked sensibly, he would look his approval and "amen" their sentiments. When they tried to be witty he would look at them with as blank expression as he could command and say nothing. In closing the meeting he would commend and expand the sensible thing they had said, and never refer to their attempted witticisms. It worked well. Soon these brethren began to remark upon their lack of liberty, and then the pastor would try to see something good they had said and comment on it. It was not long till these brethren received a special baptism of the Spirit and of good sense. From then on it was seldom that the spirit of our meetings was grieved by nonsense.

In the month of August of the first summer the preacher's heart was burdened with desire for a spiritual quickening of his people. He was alone in the parsonage for several weeks, during which he gave himself almost exclusively to prayer and preparation for the pulpit. It might have been wiser for

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his purpose to have given much of this time to pastoral visiting. He does not know, but at the time he felt that he was following the lead of the Spirit. He made and preached sermons during these weeks, which were later found to have been helpful to the spiritual life of his people. After a recent reading of some of those sermons, he has wondered at his boldness in laying bare the conditions and need of the town religiously. After a few weeks the special sense of awful responsibility passed away, as it had come—without his seeking. He felt no condemnation for this change, though he did not understand the reason of it. His time was given more to pastoral work in the fall. Not till the Week of Prayer did he see the fruit of his summer's work. At the first meeting that week the "Program of Services" was driven away as by the wind. The Holy Spirit came upon that meeting in much power. Then was manifested the impression that had been made by the special sermons in August. It was an hour of confession and earnest pleading for a holy baptism. A preparation meeting was called for an hour preceding the next public meeting. Only such were invited as felt they could not stay away. A class-room was filled by such souls. Not a word was spoken in that little company till a hymn was announced. We tried to sing, but one after another broke down in tears. We knelt for prayer and the pastor tried to pray, but emotion overwhelmed him. There we remained on our knees before God—a burdened company in whose hearts "the Spirit

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was making intercession with groaning which could not be uttered." Thus the hour passed. There was no song, no formal prayer. The Divine Presence filled the room and the heart of every one in it. No one was conscious of passing time. The pastor felt a hand upon his shoulder. It was one with a message, "The people have been waiting some time for the public service to begin." We passed into the larger room, a company upon whom God had poured His Spirit. *The revival had come.* Sinners sought and found the Savior—mighty to save.

The next Sunday morning the pastor's message was to believers. He tried to set before his people the blessedness of oneness with their Lord in the spirit of intercession, in the realization of the sin and peril of the unsaved, the agony *and bliss* of vicarious suffering through sympathy and love for lost men and women. He had come to his pulpit from the shades of Gethsemane, where "being in an agony" he had prayed for his people that on this day they might enter into the blessed experience of "fellowship with His suffering." And as he preached, he saw his good brother, John L. Cole, gradually entering into this experience, bending under the burden and convulsed with emotion. Sunday school followed that service as usual—and yet how unlike any former session! Brother Cole took his place as superintendent, a joyous light shining through his tears. He made a speech preliminary to the regular exercises, in which he told of his former lack of spiritual interest, his avoidance of his duty as

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superintendent to open the school with prayer, asked forgiveness of officers, teachers, and pupils, exhorted the unconverted to seek the Lord, and added, "Now I want to pray with you." And such a prayer! Humble in confession, simple and earnest in petition, confident in divine mercy, he poured out his soul, while the very breathing of the school seemed audible. It was not eloquence—it was mightier far and more moving. It was the simplicity of downright honesty, childlike faith, and self-forgetful love. He was not ashamed of his tears. It is doubtful if he was conscious of them, more than his Lord when He wept over Jerusalem. That day the soul of John L. Cole was forever linked with that of his pastor. It was our privilege to spend hours with him two years ago in Seattle, Wash., and only a little while before he "put out to sea," and "saw his Pilot face to face." We talked of the long ago—lingering over memories precious to us both—and the beckoning joys of the future. He had seen much of the world—on this continent and across the water. He had been prosperous in business, and worldly honors had fallen to him, but his was the same simple faith as when he stood in the struggle of his early manhood before that Sunday school, pleading with childhood and youth to come to Jesus. A noble man was he, and his going left me one friend poorer in this life. But there is to be a meeting—not so distant either—when the toils and the victories in which we shared will be rehearsed as we sit beneath the Tree of Life. And while we talk of

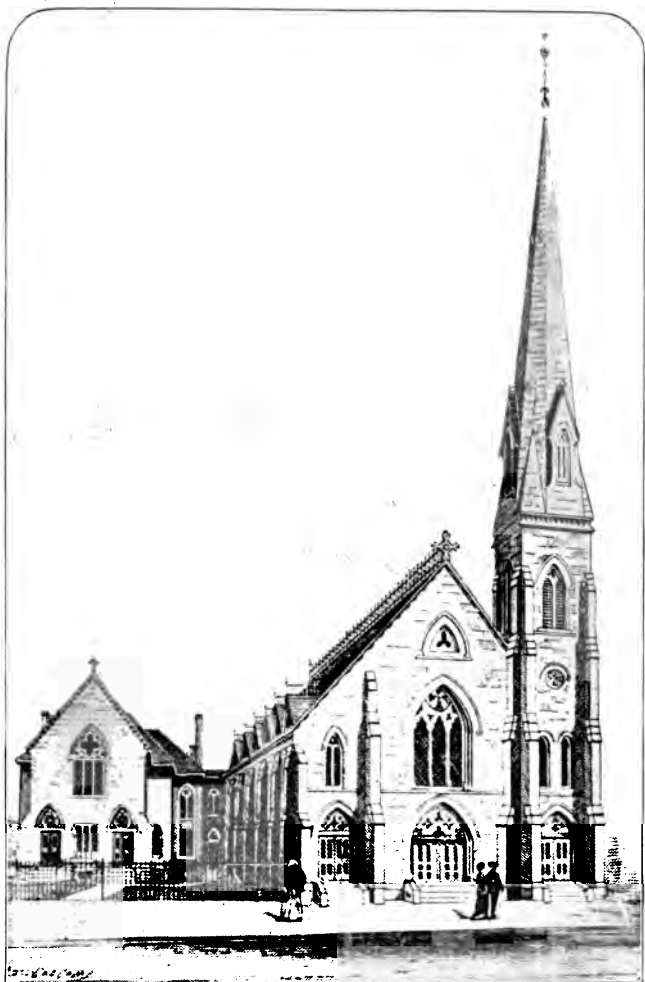
UNDER THE SHADOW OF "OLD WILLIAMS"

the years in Williamstown, others will draw near and join us—Southworth, Hall, Soloman, Flood, and others, who like them died in the precious faith. Glorious gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ! How precious its promises! How grand the hopes it inspires! "We will be true to Thee till death."

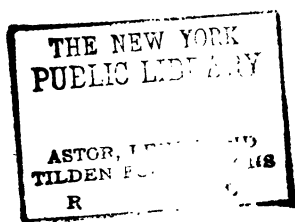
CHAPTER VI

UNEXPECTED CALL TO LARGER RESPONSIBILITIES

NO ONE could have been more surprised than the subject of this sketch when it was known that the Quarterly Conference of the State Street Church, Troy, N. Y., had requested his appointment to the pastorate of that Church in the spring of 1874. No higher honor could have been conferred by any Church in the Troy Conference. It was the "Mother Church" of our denomination in that city. While long regarded *by the uncalled aspirant to its pulpit* as "The Aristocratic Church," "the High Church," or "the Tony Church," it was held in highest esteem by ministers who had been called to serve it. It had a record for loyalty to its pastors, for provident care of its poor, for the irreproachable business and moral character of its leading members, and for *sane and fruitful revivals*. It was conservative; it had no desire for sensational methods in any department of its work, least of all in the pulpit; but no other Church served by the writer has equaled it in uniform attendance on all its regular services and revival meetings. In so many Churches the strong men—men of large business responsibilities, and women of wide social relations, excuse themselves



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CALL TO LARGER RESPONSIBILITIES

from attendance on many of the services. But in this Church the strong business men were seen with remarkable uniformity at the preaching services morning and evening, and in the Sunday school at 2.30 P. M. The same was true of the weekly prayer-meeting. They were a Churchly people, and they had built and worshiped in a churchly temple. They had had great men in their pulpit and have had such since. The writer did not say to his brother ministers then that he shrank—not from the honor—but from the high responsibility of such position. He did not say it because he thought they would smile incredulously if he did. It is the “called”—not the uncalled man—to great honor and responsibility who knows the painful sense of personal inequality to the task. There is little use in trying to make others understand one’s shrinking from high posts of duty. The writer will, however, record the fact that he would have preferred that this “call” had been deferred for at least three years, that he might better qualify himself for so high a post of duty. It might be asked, “Why not then decline the call?” Because he was confident that if he did the call would never be repeated. He would rather risk failure than never to have the chance later to win success. Two other Churches that spring had interviewed him through their committees, and requested him to permit them to ask for his appointment with his approval. He had gladly consented, for either of those Churches it were a joy for him to serve, if he

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had thought that State Street would invite him later. He decided to keep his hands off—and he did. He had not sought directly or indirectly any of these invitations. He would do nothing to influence the decision. At the close of the Conference the bishop announced his appointment to State Street Church, Troy, N. Y.

A FALL OUT OF A PEW

When ten years of age he had an experience in the old brick church, displaced by the beautiful, stone structure to which he was now appointed, that was far from agreeable. With his sister and her husband, who were attendants on the ministry of Rev. Stephen D. Brown, D. D., during his first pastorate in that old Church, he went one Sunday evening in 1851 to hear the Doctor. The pew occupied was situated on a side aisle. On entering it the boy was allowed to sit by the pew-door, which was closed and fastened by a large brass button. Fascinated by the eloquence of the preacher, charmed out of all self-consciousness, he sat leaning against the pew door, listening intently, when suddenly the door flew open and the boy fell sprawling into the aisle. He heard no more of that sermon, but sat through the rest of the service with burning face. Indeed, his face burns now in memory of the confusion and shame which he felt that night.

Must not the man whose sermon so enchained the attention of a boy of ten years have been a model preacher? Years later, when the boy was

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preparing for the ministry, he heard Dr. Brown in the Ferry Street Church (now Ash Grove), of Albany, N. Y., and felt the same magnetic power of the man. On this occasion he was also impressed by the preacher's wonderful rendering of the hymns and Scripture lesson. He longed to learn how he had acquired the ability to make his reading so interpretive. So he made bold to call on him. The Doctor very graciously received him, and when he made known his desire, the Doctor brought in a copy of his Hymnal from his study, and showed him the result of his hymn study in pencil marks, indicating inflection, emphasis, etc. "I select my hymns from this copy of the Hymnal and study them in the light of former impressions as indicated by these markings." That interview with Dr. Stephen D. Brown was of great value to the young man, in that it strengthened his conviction of the importance of impressive rendering of Scripture and hymns from the pulpit, and pointed him to a method of study helpful to that end. Alas! What cruelty to hymns and Scripture—and to the congregation—is inflicted by the meaningless, characterless way in which this part of public service is often conducted! Stephen D. Brown was held in loving and grateful memory by the older members of the State Street Church when the writer became their pastor. It was evident that he was regarded by them as the model preacher of that Church's history. And there were great competitors for that honor—not that any sought it, but that the genuine

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ability and personal worth of a few would so classify them.

Among these was Ira G. Bidwell, D. D., a man of recognized ability throughout our Church and greatly beloved by the State Street people. The same may be said of Charles W. Cushing, D. D., a man of impressive personality and fine address. Then, too, there lingered in the memory of this people Charlton T. Lewis, a scholarly man and a mighty orator, and Marvin R. Vincent, whose great abilities were already recognized—men who alternated in the supply of the State Street pulpit while serving as professors in the Troy University. In '68 Dr. Erastus Wentworth, educator, missionary, literatus, and preacher-orator, a pulpit genius whose wings were spread only on a sympathetic and bracing atmosphere, closed a pastorate of three years. He was followed by George W. Brown, D. D., whose ministry has ever been one of consolation; an attractive personality; gentle, sympathetic, persuasive, a winner of souls through the confidence he inspired and by the good news which he ably preached. Of Wm. H. Hughes, D. D., who succeeded him, it is sufficient to say that he was known as "the Summer-field of the Troy Conference." Every one of these men surpassed Stephen D. Brown in some one particular, and yet, honored and loved as they were by that intelligent people, Stephen D. Brown ranked supreme in the judgment and affection of those who sat under the ministry of them all—the model preacher in the history of that Church.

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Is it any wonder that a man who, to his knowledge, was never accused by his brethren of excessive modesty, should shrink from following such an array of predecessors? He recalls the counsel of a man whose diplomatic efforts to secure a call to this Church that spring had failed, and who said with a sneer, "Kimball, be pious; it's your only holt, you know." That the arrow stuck is apparent in the fact that the gibe is remembered. It remains, nevertheless, that apart from the spirit in which he uttered it the counsel is a good one for any preacher, whether on his way up or down in the grade of his appointment. Piety, the love of God and man, finding expression in service for the glory of God and the welfare of man, is a possession it is well for a preacher to take with him in all his work. It is a sad thing if, with waning years, the supreme importance of it depreciates in a preacher's soul. But a piety that can be divorced from honest work in the study and out of it is of little worth to the preacher. Deep in the soul of this preacher was the purpose to keep in touch with God, in touch with His people, in touch with the Word and with books that would aid him to preach it helpfully. He must confess, however, that, as in all his life, the volitional force of his will was more potent than its executive force. The purpose remained steadfast, but its execution often broke down under conflicting claims upon his time, through defective judgment and consequent misdirection of his activities.

There are men who are embarrassed in the pres-

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ence of the unfamiliar. It is a weakness which one should try to overcome. Was it General Grant who was once frightened in the presence of the enemy and, on learning that the enemy was more frightened than he, resolved never to allow fear to seize him again? And he kept his resolution—or his resolution kept him. Those of us who are mentally disconcerted by the presence of personalities who greatly impress us, would do well to remember that they may be so indifferent to the question of our measure as not to think of it at all. This would help one to be *just himself*—an attitude, mental and physical, of comfort to himself, and more helpful to a true impression upon others. This advice, however good, the timid self-conscious ones may find as difficult to put into practice as has the writer.

He went to his first service in the State Street Church in much embarrassment. He could not shut from him a vision of the great men who had ministered there. But when the Gloria in Excelsis was sung, the whole congregation joining with the choir, there swept into his soul a sense of the Divine Presence. The Everlasting God was there! The spirit of worship was in the hearts of the people. Embarrassment gave place to liberty, and he felt that with divine help he could and would serve them in the gospel.

The first year of this pastorate passed pleasantly, but there is little to record. Congregations were maintained with possibly a slight increase, and the weekly prayer-meetings were well attended and uni-

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formly interesting and profitable. The work of the Sunday school was well sustained. Harmony prevailed in every department. A protracted meeting was held during the winter, the results of which were numerically small, only sufficient to make good the losses by deaths and removals. This was a great disappointment to the pastor. It was evident that his methods of revival work did not especially appeal to many of the faithful workers. They sustained him as loyally as was possible for any people who could not enter into his methods sympathetically. They were present with great regularity, but with very few exceptions were unable to feel the importance of special spiritual equipment for the work. To seek such equipment, as one excellent brother expressed it, "is practically going back on the life I have been living, and I can not do that."

It is very possible that this sentiment obtains more widely than many pastors may have supposed. The man who has lived a consecrated life, with the consciousness of divine approval, ought not to "go back on his life." But such a man may surely expect special gifts of power for special work. The man does not live who has exhausted the divine resources of power which are available for a greater usefulness. To seek special power for special conquests is not to "go back" on a previously consecrated life. Indeed, it is the law of such a life to be ever drawing its supplies from above, and the measure of these supplies is determined, and their nature also—by the tasks to which he is called. The power

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which God confers is not held in perpetuity by the recipient, but "according to thy day so shall thy strength be." A failure to grasp this economy may be the reason of the inefficiency of many good men in evangelistic work. They try to expand their business without increase of capital.

In some Churches such difference of views between pastor and people would have produced friction. But the State Street people knew how to hold divergent views without loss of harmony. And in this they showed their Christian culture.

A GREAT REVIVAL

In the fall of the second year of this pastorate, seven of the prominent Churches in the heart of the city united in an invitation to Rev. A. B. Earl, D. D., widely known as the first union evangelist in this country, to conduct a series of evangelistic meetings. The Churches uniting in this movement were the First, the Second Street, and the Fifth Street Presbyterian; the First, and the Fifth Street Baptists; and the State Street and North Second Street Methodist. There was not the highest degree of unanimity of sentiment on the part of the pastors, nor did any one of them exhibit a large measure of enthusiasm in regard to the movement. It would not perhaps be wide of the fact to say that no one of us regarded with unmixed favor the employment of an evangelist. There is reason to doubt if there was one of us who was thoroughly convinced that the time was ripe

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in our city for a *union* movement. But all seemed to feel that something ought to be done to put the Churches in closer and more helpful relations with the multitude of non-church-goers, and that no one of us was competent to lead the movement to this desired end. It was thought that Dr. Earl, by his wide experience in evangelistic work and his relative freedom from offensive extravagance in methods and teaching, was on the whole the most desirable of available leaders. Enthusiasm, however, did not run high, though the decision to secure him if possible was finally unanimous. It was decided that the meetings should be held successively in each of the churches of the union, beginning in the State Street Methodist Church. That first service could hardly have been refreshing to Dr. Earl, as it surely was not inspiring to the pastors. He must have keenly felt the reserve, the absence of assured confidence of success on our part. Three services were to be held each day, a Bible-reading in the morning, and preaching afternoon and evening. On the first morning the State Street pastor occupied a seat as remote from the leader as possible, fearing that he might be asked to bear part in a service with which he might not be in sympathy. But before the completion of that Bible reading his fear disappeared, and he saw in Dr. Earl a "master of assemblies." He evidently saw the situation, and without impeaching the piety of the pastors or the people of the Churches, he lovingly set himself to the task of uncovering our weakness and leading us to look for

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the enduement of spiritual power. He stood before us in all humility the embodiment of that power. In a few days every vestige of doubt as to his gift of leadership vanished from the minds of the pastors. We were glad to sit at his feet. His wisdom was apparent, in that he did not attempt to lead us by a single leap to the goal of his purpose. But step by step, each Bible reading making clear each successive step, and disposing the listener to take it. Some of us thought that the logical order of those readings for evangelistic purposes was superior to that of any series of discourses we had ever read or heard, and the writer has regretted that he did not take notes of them for his own use in subsequent revival work. The end sought was not new to him, but the psychological steps were.

There came a day when this pastor went to his study in great spiritual conflict after listening to one of these readings. Dr. Earl had in no way intimated what the subject of the next reading would be, but this pastor *felt* what logically it must be. It must be a study of the Gethsemane agony of our Lord, in its relation to the travail for souls to which he sometimes calls his disciples who would win men for Christ. And for the first time in his ministry he shrank from that experience. He knew that this teaching and the spirit and methods it engendered were not in favor with his people, and he feared that they might draw away from him if he entered into its experience. He loved them, and could not contemplate the possibility of losing favor with them

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without keenest pain. In this state of mind he went to the next meeting, and the reading proved to be, as he feared, "The Garden Agony." As the reading proceeded, his soul's cry was, "Must it be, O Lord?" He knelt in the pew and surrendered. Peace and joy filled his soul. But the experience did not come to him as in former years. So far as he knew he held himself open to it; indeed, he prayed that he might have it if it were the Lord's will. But while interested and praying earnestly for the salvation of souls, and doing what seemed to be required of him to this end, *his heart would not break if souls were not saved*. There are some who will know just what this means—who out of their own experience will discriminate between the pain of soul-travail and a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of others which leads to Christian activity. The latter was the experience of the writer at this time. The former may have been the experience of some of the other pastors.

It may be well for the writer to add in as few words as possible, a statement of his views concerning the attainability of the deeper experience. It is not at all times in the divine order for any believer. If long continued, it would, we think, result in the death of the individual. It is therefore graciously made an *exceptional* experience.

It is an experience related to and articulated with the work of the Holy Spirit, by which prepared minds may be born into the Kingdom of God. The significance of the word "travail" in nature will

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indicate its spiritual meaning and make clear the fact that relatively to the whole of Christian experience this is only occasional and brief. It is not an experience which is at the command of our faith. God only can wisely time it—and “in the fullness of the times” God sends it to available souls—souls open and responsive to His will. Like all Christian experience, it takes its type from individual characteristics. It is, we think, impossible to those who for any reason deny or even doubt that the rejection of proffered mercy may reach finality in the “extirpation of the religious faculty.” The doctrine of “eternal hope” cuts the nerve of intense feeling for guilty sinners.

There are other and varied types of experience which, *in their place*, serve to promote the work of revival. There are stages in the work when the prevalent spirit of the meeting is that of rejoicing. The peril of the unsaved—the realization that a critical hour may be upon some of them—is not clearly asserted in the believer’s consciousness for the time. His thought of God’s great goodness to himself and his present assurance of divine approval are now at the front in consciousness, and he rejoices with an exceeding great joy.

He testifies with shining face and in glowing words to the wonderful saving and keeping power of Jesus Christ, and wave on wave of grateful joy sweep over the Christian company. Meanwhile the unconverted feel their isolation from it all and wonder

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if such an experience may sometime be theirs. It is not for us to dictate the experiences by which we are to be useful, but we surely ought to hold ourselves responsive to the leading of the Holy Spirit.

A MEMORABLE DAY

A scene was witnessed one morning, following upon a Bible reading, that is remembered among the few most impressive of my life. Dr. Earl had given a wonderful exposition of the first twenty-one verses of the second chapter of Acts. After a few moments of silence, Dr. Webber, the scholarly and popular pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, stepped forward to the chancel-rail, saying: "Dr. Earl, may I say a few words? I have been a minister of the gospel for many years, though, as is known perhaps to most present, my special work has until recently been that of a college professor. I have lived in a region of metaphysics, while holding fast the faith of Jesus. I have not been without the comfort of this faith, and as a minister I have sought to be faithful to the teaching of our Lord. I have had definite ideals of Christian manhood and of the work of the Christian ministry. These ideals have prevented a high esteem for evangelists, and in general for the work of revivals. Indeed, so strong was my prejudice that I have said publicly, that if an evangelist were to enter my church by one door to conduct revival meetings, I would at once go out of the church by another door. When these

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meetings were under consideration by us as pastors, I unwillingly yielded to the judgment of my brother pastors, but stipulated among other things that the Methodist altar service should not be employed—but the inquiry meeting instead. But as the meetings have progressed I have come to see my mistake and my great need. Now, Brother Earl, I want to kneel at this Methodist altar, and I want you, an evangelist, to lay your hands upon my head and pray for me that I may receive the Holy Ghost.” Dr. Earl in the tenderest, most humble spirit replied, while manly tears rolled down his face through which shone a transfiguring brightness, “O! my brother, I am not worthy to do this.” But Dr. Webber pressed his request with faltering voice, while ministers and laymen crowded about the altar. Then we all knelt, and Brother Earl prayed, as only he could pray, in tones low, beseeching, but with mighty faith. The baptism of the Holy Ghost came! But not alone upon Dr. Webber. It was a Pentecostal hour to many. Of the company bowed at the altar most have gone to their reward, and none of them are held in more loving memory by the writer than Dr. G. W. Webber. A friendship binding our hearts together forever was born at the altar. Clapsed in each other’s arms before the great congregation he said to me: “We used to meet in the street and touch our hats to each other, as if to say, ‘I have a high respect for you, sir,’—but now we can’t get close enough together to quite satisfy us.” He is in heaven now. I hope to join him some day and we’ll be “close enough together.”

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There were many incidents worthy of record during the two weeks of meetings under the leadership of Dr. Earl, but the above are sufficient to indicate the spirit and trend of them all. The burden on the heart of the leader clearly was to help the pastors and membership of the Churches into a spiritual state in which they would be equipped to carry on, each in his particular Church, the work of evangelism. It is certain that his chief endeavor was with believers, and the converts were very few—not one, indeed, in what might be considered the parish of the State Street Church. But the work which he accomplished was truly great—how great only eternity will reveal. When he left us each pastor began evangelistic meetings in his Church, and every pastor was evangelist for his own Church.

In the State Street Methodist Church meetings continued through six weeks, those of the sixth week being under the auspices of the "Young People's Association of the State Street Church." This was done at the pastor's suggestion and under his direction. That week's meetings was a splendid training-school in evangelistic work for our young people, and there were a good number of conversions made. It has often been referred to by those participating in it, as the most helpful series of meetings in which they ever engaged. At the close of six weeks work, the pastor received on probation sixty-five persons—all of whom were subsequently received into full connection with the Church.

The pastor had now reached the limit of physical

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endurance, but he was confident the meetings should be continued if a suitable person could be found for leadership. He reported this to a special meeting of his board. Mrs. Maggie Van Cott, a woman then famous in New York State as an evangelist, was speedily secured. On the third evening after her arrival the large church was filled to its seating capacity. It was said that no actress had ever appeared on the stage of any theater in that city who was her equal in the histrionic art. However this may be, the writer heard from her lips night after night, for four weeks, some of the most beautiful descriptive discourses to which he has ever listened. In her description of the scene between the Philistine champion and David, this listener *saw* the giant proudly striding down the hillside; he *saw* David at the brook-crossing, selecting the five smooth stones; he *saw* him place one of those stones in the sling, then hastening to the fray, stopping for a moment to gather up the strings of the sling, and as he hurled that stone from the sling this writer *heard* it whizzing on its way, *saw* the giant fall, and his head severed by one stroke of his own sword in the hand of the shepherd boy.

It was not the description alone; it was the acting as well. Every attitude, gesture, movement, and facial expression of the speaker—the whole personality entered into the scenic description. I listened to her a few years later—under conditions unfavorable to the success of any speaker—and was unmoved. But in a beautiful auditorium appeal-

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ing to her artistic taste, before an audience in which refinement largely predominated, she was in her element. All that was beautiful in her nature was called forth, and she swayed her audience at her will. Over four hundred, nearly all adults, bowed at the altar in response to her call. Among these were men of culture, men prominent in business and professional circles, men grading all the way down from these in respect to intelligence and standing among their fellows to one known as the "wickedest man in Troy." Some of these converts went into Churches of other denominations. Some into Churches in adjoining cities and villages, while sixty were received on probation in the State Street Church. To be true to the history of this movement, it must be added that of these sixty probationers only nine were carried through to full connection with the Church. One of the nine was the man known as "the wickedest man in Troy." He lived a saintly life, and for more than twenty years he was among the old friends who greeted the writer at the close of the sermon which he was annually invited to give during summer vacations. Since then he has been given an open vision of his Savior in heaven.

"DOMINIE KIKE"

Among his personal friends who were held in highest esteem and affection by the writer was the Rev. Melville A. Senter, of the Troy Conference. Frail of body, vigorous of mind, indomitable of will,

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broad in his sympathies, staunch in his faith, positive in his convictions, loyal in friendship, fearless in courage and ready to attempt the seemingly impossible, he was a man to command the respect and affection of those *who knew him*. But many who thought they knew him, had no knowledge whatever of his splendid personality. They were impressed, as was the writer for a time, by his physical effeminacy, and thought it not worth while to look for the gem hidden within that frail casket. I have never known a more thoroughly, manly fellow than he. Some of us styled him our "Dominie Kike"—the hero of Edward Eggleston's "Circuit Rider." He was "a burning and a shining light" on the charges which he served. His light burned down to its socket, clear and free and broad, and then "passed on and afar, to shine forever in glorious luster in a heavenly place in Christ Jesus." Let me record the story. He stood in his pulpit in the church in South Adams, Mass. Midway in his sermon he became confused, swayed, and fell to the floor. A physician present administered a restorative. He was assisted to a chair, when he remarked, "Pardon this interruption, and permit me to finish the sermon while sitting in this chair." He finished it, and at its close announced that he would preach in the evening at the usual hour. He rode to the church in the evening, announced as his text the grand challenge of the Apostle Paul, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" And for forty-five minutes he preached with sur-

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passing vigor and words of burning eloquence on "The Christian's Triumph Over Death and the Grave." A few days later he came to Troy—as it proved, and as he evidently expected—never to return to his work. Under the tender ministries of her whose adopted son he was, Mrs. Joseph Hillman, he passed the few months that were left to him in this world, facing the inevitable with the Christian courage which had been so conspicuous in all his life. There was no complaint, no regret expressed in any way, that what he had regarded as his mission was to be shorn of completion.

As the end drew near, his faith was perfected into triumph, and there were given him most ravishing visions of awaiting glory. We do not mean that his visual organs beheld the things which transported him. These are instruments through which impressions of certain phenomena of the material world are made upon the mind—the impressions which we call *seeing*. If there were no mind or soul back of the eye, the eye could convey no impression. Spiritual beings may impress the soul without the aid of the senses. So when we speak of the visions which have been graciously given to believers—visions of Jesus, angels, and the sainted dead to which the dying sometimes witness—we do not mean that they *saw* these beings with the natural eye, or heard these voices with the natural ear, but that invisible beings impressed their presence and their thought upon the soul as distinctly as if the eye had seen and the ear had heard them.

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I watched with my friend during his last night in this world. His room was an ante-chamber of glory. He recognized us all as we sat about his bed, and spoke words of loving affection to each. He joined in our prayers and our songs as well as his voice would permit. He received the holy communion, and gave every evidence of the full possession of all his faculties. His physician, who had been a doubter, watched with us, and because of the revelations of glory in that room he threw his doubts to the winds, and cordially accepted Jesus Christ as his Savior. As the night advanced, the glory became almost overwhelming. Vision after vision burst upon the soul of that dying minister. Now it was angels; now it was his sainted mother, who died when he was a little boy; now it was Jesus Himself; wave after wave of gladness swept over his soul. His expressions of joy were more than language could convey, while his face shone as it had been the face of an angel. "Do n't you see them?" he cried. "There are angels! There is mother! And O, there is Jesus! O, how beautiful! How grand! How glorious! Glory to Jesus! O, how inexpressibly lovely!" And so the hours of that night sped on till, with the morning, the endless day rose upon his soul, and he was forever with his Lord and the great multitude of the redeemed. The funeral services were held in the State Street Church, and under the influence of the Divine Spirit, whose presence seemed to be felt by all, a simple narration by the pastor of the scenes above described



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was blessed to the salvation of a family consisting of husband and wife and their three children. Thus our good friend and brother, whose faithfulness in life honored his Lord, whose triumph in death was the means of saving his physician, was permitted after his translation to draw four souls to the Savior's feet. Only the All-seeing One can know how many others are following in the wake of that consecrated life of twenty-nine years. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," not in that they "rest from their labors" simply, but in that "their works do follow them,"—a never ceasing fruitage of holy character and life on earth.

* * * * *

It would be a pleasure to record my estimate of the character of the men who constituted the officiary of the State Street Church. The accompanying picture, which was known as "Kimball and his cabinet," is sufficient evidence that the Official Board was a superior body of men. The picture represents the board as it was in 1874. They were all successful business men of unchallenged probity of character, and public opinion accorded them a place among the best citizens of the city. They were self-respecting men, and held their Church in great affection. They honored the history of their Church, and cherished the memory of the men and women who had made that history. "Time-honored customs" were revered, but not at the cost of progress. They held their pastor in high esteem,

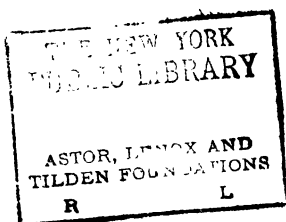
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whoever he was, because he was *their* pastor. Never before, and seldom since, has the writer been treated with such uniform deference as by that Official Board. In the discussions of the board, if his opinion had not been expressed, the question was often raised, "What does our pastor think about it?" He learned to withhold his judgment for the pleasure of having it called for. Discussions were never allowed to become overheated. If there seemed to be an approach to it, the bright humor of some member—and there were men who always had it "on tap"—would quickly cool the situation. There are kinds of fever which are more easily reduced by humor than by any other means. The Cluett brothers, while not having a monopoly of this sedative, most frequently administered it.

Later in this pastorate there were a few young men added to the board—and among them was one who for thirty-four years remained as true a friend as the writer ever had. This was Edward O. House, in whose character were blended virtues which are usually found only in distribution among men of diverse temperaments. Just, but kind; firm, but yielding; conservative, but radical; modest, but bold; strong, but gentle; well tempered, but mild; enthusiastic, but calm; devoted to business, but not neglectful of Church duties. He was eminently useful as class-leader, Bible-class teacher, Sunday school superintendent, and trustee and steward in the Church. While stockholder and business manager of one of the largest manufacturing corporations



MR. EDWARD O. HOUSE, TROY, NEW YORK.



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in the city—or in this country in its line—he was also editor and publisher of a magazine called *The Corporation Counselor*, a large part of every issue of which was the product of his pen.

While in no sense a politician, his influence was perhaps more potent in securing just legislation for the business interests of his city and State, than that of any other man. Business men had full confidence in his accuracy and integrity, and often selected him to protect their interests at the State and National Capital. With all these great responsibilities pressing upon him, he found time, chiefly while others slept, to make thorough preparation for his class-meeting and Bible school. He had learned early in life how to economize time, and how to give himself wholly to one thing at a time. When he retired for the night he *slept*. No matter how perplexing the business of the day or of the morrow, it was securely locked up in his office. And what does this mean but self-mastery? And *self-mastery* means the mastery of things and men as well. Is it any wonder that when this man in the season of ripened fruit in 1908 was gathered into the ranks of immortals, the whole city mourned?

* * * * *

When tidings of his going reached me, I was overwhelmed by a sense of personal loss and by the most profound sympathy with the bereaved family. He had often addressed me and spoken of me as "the priest of the family." Thirty-three years before,

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at the bridal altar, I had pronounced him and the bride at his side "to be husband and wife." It was given me to baptize their children; to minister to them when the Death Angel hovered long over their home, and later when a sweet child slipped away to the company of cherubs in heaven. Through all these years it had been given me to share their joys and sorrows. When the tidings reached me that my princely friend had been called to his reward, I wrote to the bereaved wife and children the letter which, with their consent, I am privileged to copy.

AT HOME, SUNDAY NOON, SEPTEMBER 19, '08

MY DEAR ANNAH:

I am just from Church and hasten to write. But what can I say to you in these awful hours of a sorrow which is infinitely greater than any you have heretofore known? Do I not know how you loved him? How you worshiped him next only to your Lord? Grace may be given you, doubtless is given you, to bow to the loving will of God without murmuring, but that can not make your grief less. Grace does not take heart out of us. Because you loved your Lord you loved your noble husband. Only a Christian wife could love as you have always loved Ed. And so I know, in a way, how great is your sorrow. And this is why I know not what to write. I wish I might sit with you in wordless sympathy; then perhaps I could comfort you a little as one heart nigh to breaking may sometimes

CALL TO LARGER RESPONSIBILITIES

comfort one already broken. How I wish I could help you! I know how waves on waves roll over you—out of the past and out of the future—waves of memories and lonely anticipations meeting in the present to overwhelm you. No human hand can stay them, nor will the divine hand, for only so the good which sorrow may minister can come to you. But the divine hand will hold up your head so that you may not drown of grief.

Let me talk to you of Ed. Not many knew him as I knew him. He was widely known in a way, and as widely admired and honored. But those who were admitted into his heart—into the confidences of friendship, were not many. Among the honored few from whom he held nothing which could in honor be shared by any outside his immediate family, I am proud to count myself one. And O, how I loved him! For thirty-two years the welcome guest in your ideal home; altogether passing, perhaps, three years with you, observing him when the restraint which is imperative before the public was thrown off, and heart and mind had free expression. How thoroughly well poised he was! *And what a lover!* I think I have never known his equal in this respect. Love shone in his eyes (such wonderful eyes!) when they rested on you, or when Ned coaxed or Bee pleaded for something he doubted the wisdom of granting. I never saw the slightest show of impatience with one of you. I can not say that of any other man I ever knew.

In his religious life his love of God and Christ

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was not emotional, but purely moral. God and right were one in his thought. He loved right and God because He was right. This was why his religious life was never fitful, but always uniform. I sometimes wished there were more of the emotional while I felt reproved by his uniform loyalty to his convictions. We might differ as to what is right, but I knew that what he did was always in harmony with his convictions. A noble man was he. One of nature's noblemen drawn by love of right into the company of God's noblemen.

And, Annah, he was yours for thirty-three blessed years, and he is yours forever. Silence has fallen between you for a little time. But "a little while," and the silence will break into eternal communion. I know the seeming stretch of lonely years, but sometime, perhaps sooner than you think, you will waken from a strange sleep with his voice in your ears, calling "Annah!" and looking up, you will softly cry, "O Ed!"

They sang my favorite in Church this morning—"The King of love my Shepherd is," and it came to my soul like voices from above. Through the lonely years, "The King of Love" will walk with you.

I am so glad and thankful for our recent visit with you. It was to me very beautiful and every way perfect. Ed was so wonderful. Facing the inevitable in the knowledge of it without a quiver of the pulse. His thought, only for the happiness of others. This was not strange in him, though I saw it as the ripening of his gracious qualities. When

CALL TO LARGER RESPONSIBILITIES

I bade him good-bye, and you, I tried not to betray my feeling of what was in the near future. I felt it was kinder to him and to you to do so. And then I knew that if I spoke my thought I would break down, and make it harder for you to maintain your brave bearing.

Dear Ned and Bee, and dear Annah, my heart aches for you all. Daily I plead with the Father to take each of you into His arms and comfort you. I will not make the mistake of suggesting that your memories of Ed should comfort you, for because of the preciousness of these memories your loss is so great. Only God can comfort in such a sorrow, not by removing the sorrow, but comfort you IN the sorrow.

Let this be the bond which shall hold *you all and me* in everlasting friendship—we all loved and honored Edward O. House and always will.

Lovingly Your Friend, and Ned and Bee's,

"UNCLE HARRY."

* * * * *

Until the session of the General Conference of 1888, it was the law of the Methodist Episcopal Church that no preacher should be appointed to the pastorate of any Church beyond a period of three consecutive years. This law made it imperative that the pastor of State Street Church should be assigned to the pastorate of some other Church in the spring of 1877. No Methodist preacher or Church thought of attempting a resistance of this law. Until

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the Constitution of the Church was altered, the law was inevitable. And sensible people manage in some way to adjust themselves to the inevitable. Nevertheless, when the relations between pastor and people are harmonious, the severance of the relations is attended with heartache to the preacher—and more or less to the people. It was therefore with no little satisfaction that this pastor listened, at the last Quarterly Conference, to a statement made by Mr. L. R. Avery, on behalf of the Conference, to the presiding elder, which was substantially as follows: "Now that the time draws near when, by the Disciplinary law of Methodism, our beloved pastor is to be taken from us, I wish to say, what I believe expresses the feeling and judgment of our Church, that we regret the necessity of his removal from us, because the considerations which led us three years ago to ask for his appointment exist still in full force for his remaining with us, and there now exist many reasons for his return to us which did not exist at the time of his first appointment."

COMPLICATIONS

There were conditions at that Conference of 1877 which were embarrassing to the appointing power. The men personally interested had forecasted the situation. For the eight men who were to change that year, whose ability to serve acceptably the strongest Churches in the Conference was conceded, there were only six Churches of that grade open. The result to two men was predetermined. But

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which two? The bishop decided that it should be the man from State Street, Troy, and the man from Ash Grove, Albany. The first should go to Canajoharie, and the second to Williamstown, Mass. Did either *like* it? What sort of a man could ask such a question? Do men "like" to have their income divided by two? Do they enjoy passing from a situation of high privilege and opportunity to one every way more restricted? The writer can only vouch for one of these two men. He did not *like* it. But he had preferred to be *sent* where he was than by selfish seeking to have gained a place for which an honest "cabinet" had deemed him unworthy. He had no sense of injustice done him. He had no thought that bishop or cabinet had dealt unkindly by him. It was simply a situation for which no one was responsible—and he would accept it as a Christian minister ought. He would neither do nor refrain from doing anything by which his people might get the impression that he came to them unwillingly. He would give them himself in every power of service. But did he *like* it? No! Was he unhappy? No! Did he find it possible to put himself, without reserve, into his work? He did. He quickly came to love his people, and he doubts if he ever, up to that time, did any Church better service.

Before the half of the first year was gone, the message was brought to him from a Church ranking among the most desirable in the Conference, and within cannon shot of the State Street Church,

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requesting him not to pledge himself for another year to his Church, as it was their purpose at the proper time to ask for him as their pastor. This he regarded as a vindication of his administration in State Street, with which this Church was acquainted. But he assured his people that he would return to them another year by approval of the bishop.

Those were two very happy years in Canajoharie. There were no factions in the Church. A united, harmonious, loyal, and affectionate people, who loved their pastor and who were loved by him. There were men and women there whose gift of prayer was remarkable. There were times, especially in revival meetings, when prayers—not simply meditations before the Lord—but *prayers*, mighty and prevailing, were offered under the power of which it were a stout, hard heart, indeed, that was not softened. There was a good number of conversions, an encouraging increase in membership, and the church edifice—which was built of stone—was thoroughly repaired and refitted, the funds for which were raised before the work was begun.

A CHANGED TELEGRAM AND ITS RESULT

Although the pastor had consented to return for the third year, on going to the Annual Conference he was pressed to accept an appointment to another Church. It was not his desire to make the change, as the field was not at the time a particularly

A CHANGED TELEGRAM

inviting one. Moreover, he had promised the Church in Canajoharie that, so far as his appointment might be influenced by himself, he would return to them. But the reasons presented for the change appealed to his loyalty as a Methodist preacher. He finally said, "Before this question is decided, I must ask the privilege of wiring my 'committee on preacher for another year,' that change is likely to be made." He was confident that such a message would speedily bring the committee to the seat of the Conference, and that they would put up a strong fight for his return. What was his chagrin, as day after day passed, without either appearance or word of committee. It need not be said that the change was made. On returning from Conference to pack and ship his household goods, he was surprised and grieved to meet the coldest possible reception. He sought the chairman to whom he had wired, and found an iceberg. "See here, brother, what does this treatment mean?" "It means that I resent the shabby way in which you have treated us." "It strikes me that I am the one to complain of shabby treatment. I wired you, 'There will probably be a change,' thinking you would come and protest against my removal, but not only did no one *come*, but you did not even wire me." "You did not send such a message. The telegram reads, 'There will probably be NO change,' and I will show it to you." At once the preacher understood that either the "sending" or the "receiving" operator was responsible for all of this misunderstanding, and the brother saw it,

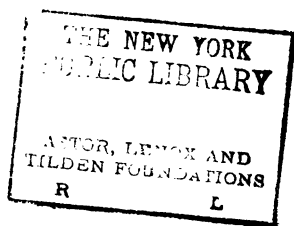
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too. Was it a "chance"—a "mishap," that made the writer pastor of Grace Church, Albany? Or was it—Providence? Had the telegram been delivered as written, the committee had come in haste to protest. Would the change then not have been made? It is useless to inquire. One thing we may rely upon—our mistakes, or the mistakes of others, which bear upon our life-work, may be wrought into God's purposes and made to contribute to the accomplishment of our mission.

Grace Church, Albany, N. Y., presented the most difficult problem of the writer's ministry, and the problem was made doubly difficult by the fact that few of its members had any idea that a problem was involved. There was no wealth in the congregation. There were few who owned the houses they lived in. Most of the men were wage-earners. There was a membership of about four hundred. There was a mortgage of six thousand dollars on the church property. The building in which the congregation worshiped was a plain, wooden structure, built some ten or twelve years previous to the beginning of the pastorate of which we write, and which cost about six thousand dollars. It was without foundation and rested on piles. It was thus cheaply constructed, because of the expectation that within the following six years it would be supplanted by a beautiful temple. But the Church had suffered repeated disaster in the death, removal, or business failure of all its men of considerable means. Meantime the temporary building was falling into decay.



GRACE CHURCH, ALBANY, N. Y.



GRACE CHURCH, ALBANY, N. Y.

At the opening of the pastorate of '79, the ground timbers were found so badly decayed as to awaken the pastor's fear for the safety of the large congregation which assembled within its walls. What should be done? He studied the problem from every angle—that of the very limited means of his people; the general apparent satisfaction with things as they were; the somewhat inharmonious relations among themselves and the lack of *esprit du corps* in the Methodism of the city; and finally, and chiefly if a new church enterprise were to be undertaken, what must be the limitations within which the prospective needs of a church in that location could be provided. His work during the summer was thus plainly laid out before him. He must seek, by special pastoral attention, to bring about a greater harmony among his people. He must become a student of church architecture, with an eye to the points of economy in building. Later, he would secure competitive plans from several architects, placing emphasis on the fact that the cost of construction would be a determinative factor in the acceptance or rejection of any plans submitted. During the summer he visited many churches of moderate cost, corresponded with specialists in church architecture, looked into the cost of material, acquainted himself with all the economical points of which he could learn, and lastly, secured four competitive plans. Thus far he had taken none of his men into his confidence. But now that he was prepared to set something definite before him, he called the

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president of the board of trustees to examine with him the condition of the old church. His attention was directed to the rotten ground timbers, and the pastor thrust his cane into one of them. After further inspection of the exterior, they entered the church to discuss the situation. The pastor suggested that while something might be said in favor of repairing the building, to do so would practically advertise the public that the formerly much talked about new building was postponed for indefinite years. And this would mean that our ability to build would diminish more rapidly than in former years, and that our mission as a Church would be seriously questioned if not denied. In short, we could count on more within ourselves and more from the immediate community, and from the Methodism of the city now than in the future. Then the pastor continued: "I have been impressed with this view of the situation from the time of my coming, and, indeed, before my coming to this charge. I have not agitated the question because I was not in possession of all the facts; but it has weighed heavily upon me, and I have not been entirely idle in regard to it. I feel prepared to say that a church of sufficient capacity for this location can be built for about \$12,000. It would not be all that we could wish, but it might be all that we are able to maintain. A more serious question is, Can we raise the sum of \$12,000?" Two more serious men could not have been found in that city than the two who spent most of the afternoon in the discussion of these

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questions, and the pastor was much encouraged by the cordial responsiveness of the president of the board of trustees. Before separating, the pastor said: "Brother Davenport, this subject has been a matter of daily prayer with me. I feel that its determination is vital to the continued existence of our Church, but I dared not agitate the question of a new building till I was assured of the divine will. I have often knelt at this altar and prayed for divine direction. I am fully persuaded that it is God's will for us to build Him a house. Shall we not kneel together and consecrate ourselves to Him in this work?" And we did. Never did pastor have more loyal or wiser co-operation in any work than the pastor of Grace Church had in Samuel J. Davenport, president of the board of trustees, in the work of building that church.

A few other official members were taken into the pastor's confidence before the question was taken to the board. Among them were James Ackroyd, S. C. Rice, and Henry Trundall. All three men were pledged to secrecy until the time came for action. At a regular meeting of the board the pastor was to present it, exhibit the plans, and the above named gentlemen were to advocate the general proposition to build a church. The meeting made no opposition to the proposition—though many questions were asked, and before its close the meeting unanimously voted to recommend the trustees to proceed to take steps looking to the building of a new church on the ground then occupied by

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changes and additions. These greatly increased the cost of building over the original estimate. But the confidence and courage of the people grew as they became more familiar with what their new church ought to be. They came to feel that they were building for the future, and they must make it worthy of the future, even if a debt were entailed upon the next generation. To many of his ministerial brethren it seemed like madness for the pastor to encourage such an outlay. "Kimball will sink Grace Church beyond all possibility of resurrection," was one of the things reported to him as having been said.

There came a time when it looked as if the grave were really dug for the interment of the Church. The pastor was taken seriously ill—resultant, the doctor said, from overwork. For two months he was confined to his home. When he was taken ill, the work of grading the lots was nearly completed, at the cost of over \$3,000. For weeks after its completion, not a stroke of work was done. A brother, more loyal than tactful, calling on the pastor, remarked, "It is said about town that Grace has expended all the money raised for a new building in grading the lots, and is compelled to give up its plan of a new church." *The pastor had a little fever that day*, but his confidence was not staggered. He sent for the president of the board, and that day the two men were driven in an easy carriage (the pastor was unable to sit upright) down town, and arrangements were made for work to be resumed

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at once. Before the week was out, stone and brick were hauled onto the premises. It was at the worst to be a mausoleum—not a grave.

As the building progressed, so did the enthusiasm of the people. Everything justifiable was done to raise funds. The building was completed and dedicated in November, 1881, Bishop R. S. Foster preaching the dedicatory sermon, and Chancellor Sims, of Syracuse University, conducting the finances and assisting the bishop in the ritual service of dedication. It was a happy people who lingered long after the close of that service, admiring their beautiful church home, valued at \$36,000, and felicitating each other that for this home they were only \$6,000 in debt *over their indebtedness on the old church*. They were reluctant to think of that old mortgage—but alas! it still existed, making their indebtedness \$12,000. Over against this fact was another. In the old church they had found it difficult to meet current expenses, and at the close of the year confronted a large deficit. A few days after the dedication the pews in the new church rented for a sum fully providing for the pastor's salary and all the running expenses, including the interest on the \$12,000 indebtedness. Long since the entire indebtedness of that society was wiped out. It may be pardonable to add that Grace Church is spoken of to-day among the parishioners of his time as "Kimball's Monument." He holds in tender affection the men and women who toiled and sacrificed with him, that what is worthy the title of a

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“House of the Lord” might be builded. There pass in vision before him as he writes men and women who denied themselves suitable clothing that they might give a little more for the Church—the organist in a much-worn cloak, and Brother Waterhouse through the bitter cold of winter without an overcoat. Ah! we do not forget! God does not forget! He who maketh all things beautiful in their time, sees nothing more beautiful than sacrifice in a worthy cause.



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CHAPTER VII

TRANSFER TO NEW ENGLAND SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

ONE Sabbath, about one month before the close of his term with Grace Church, a committee appeared at the morning and evening services from New Bedford, Mass., seeking for a pastor for the County Street Church in that city. On the report of this committee, which had been wired to New Bedford, after the morning service, the Official Board wired a unanimous invitation to the writer to become the pastor of County Street Church, by episcopal appointment at the ensuing Annual Conference. With the consent of the writer and on petition of the Church, the appointment was made. This Church had been served by some of the ablest ministers of our denomination, and its people generally were held in high repute in the city. For a number of years there had been a leaven of skepticism at work in that city, through a man of unblemished reputation and considerable scholarship, who was pastor of the Unitarian Church. The one thing in this man which the writer admired was his honesty in disclaiming for himself the name of Christian, on the ground that only they who acknowledge Christ to be an authoritative teacher of truth have any claim to that name. He did not so acknowl-

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edge Christ, and therefore did not claim to be a Christian. Here was at least a consistency which many men and women in orthodox Churches and a few whole denominations would do well to pattern after. It is a shame for any man to sail under false colors. The influence of this man lapped over onto many of the County Street people. Then, too, the writer's predecessor occupied the pulpit of that Church a full year after publicly announcing himself a Unitarian of the radical type in his personal faith. So this large measure of leaven deposited by these two men in the meal of County Street had been at work for some time. The newly-appointed pastor was innocent of this situation when he consented to be transferred to the work of this Church. He is thankful that he was, for he has long regarded his appointment to that Church as providential.

Arrangements had been made to receive the pastor and his wife at the church on the second evening after their arrival in the city. They were assured that it was to be "a very informal affair; just a means of an early introduction to our people in a social way." So the preacher accepted it, with no thought of a speech to be made, always a thing of terror to him, and he cheerily worked away, unboxing household goods all day, and hastening to don his pulpit suit (he never affected a dress-suit) he was hardly ready when the carriage called to take his wife and himself to the "informal affair." Shown into the coat room, we shortly appeared in an ante-room, when the wife's arm was drawn through that

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of one man and the preacher's through that of another's—the door was opened, and lo! seven or eight hundred people packed in the "vestry." As we were ushered up the aisle, there, within the chancel rail, sat John Wesley and a Conference of his preachers. Yes, it was John Wesley—in face and figure, and white hair falling upon his shoulders. But speedily he and his preachers dropped out of sight before the vision of an expected speech. If he had only known it, why he might have prepared an impromptu speech for the occasion; but now! Bless me! The corkscrew has never been made that could draw a speech out of him now. He looked about him in a dazed way for some means of escape. What happened all this time he has never known. There may have been singing and—prayer. He can not say. An aged man unlocked his joints and arose in sections, higher and higher. My! but he was tall and stern of visage. The preacher somehow had an intuition that he should rise. What a stripping he must seem in the eyes of that thunder-browed giant! He was saying something. There was applause. The idea crept into the preacher's brain—he thinks it must have been his brain, or the cavity where brain ought to be—that the time had come to set his mouth working. And he did, but the hinges were rusty, and the words tangled, and thoughts all gone into retirement. What had he done that he should be so humbled! Others spoke, and somebody said something that the preacher mentally seized and pulled on it and kept pulling till he got an

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idea. Then he leaped to his feet and exploded that idea with a great noise. There was applause. He knew what it meant. They were glad he was n't altogether idiotic.

One of the joys of retirement from the pastorate is the door of escape it opens from the oft and painful necessity of responding to addresses of welcome. This may not be true of all of us, probably is not, but from observation of the poor success of some and the flat failure of others on such occasions, the opinion seems to be justified that this preacher is not the only one who regards with horror the necessity of saying pleasant nothings. All can succeed in saying *nothings*, but only the few *can say them pleasantly* to themselves and to others. In reflecting on his uniform failures in such efforts, the writer has sometimes, for a few moments, found himself on a pedestal of self-appreciation as he recalled the words of Dr. J. G. Holland: "In the space of twenty-five years we have heard twenty-five men make successful after-dinner speeches. Of these, ten were sensible men who entertained their companions by trying to talk like fools; ten were men who were equally entertaining in their endeavor to talk like sensible men; and five were drunk and neither knew nor cared whether they talked sense or nonsense." But he always tumbled from that pedestal when the possibility of a call to the floor loomed before him.

The first Sunday in the pulpit of County Street Church and an incident which followed left a deep impression on the mind of the pastor. The theme

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of the first sermon was, "The Mission of the Christian Church," and it was such a sermon as an evangelical minister of average ability would be expected to preach on that subject. During the week which followed, one of the men who had gone as committee to Albany to hear the preacher, and on whose recommendation he had been invited to the pastorate of this Church, discharged the important duty of informing the pastor that the teaching of Sunday's sermons was not acceptable to the County Street congregation, and that he would need to adjust his teaching in the future to the broader views of that people. In the embarrassment occasioned by this deliverance, many words were added to make clear to a man whose associations had not been enlightening just what he meant. When he paused, the pastor asked in the most innocent way, "Are you done?" He replied that he was. "Then, please hear my answer. You came as a committeeman from a Methodist Episcopal Church, to interview me, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, after attending my service and making inquiry in the city concerning me, you, with authority of your Official Board, invited me to the pastorate of your Church. I consented, in such sense as a Methodist preacher may, to your request. By the authority of our great Church, upon whose borders the sun never sets, I am here as the pastor and teacher of County Street Church. While this relation continues, I shall preach in harmony with the doctrines of our Methodism—doctrines which I hold in pro-

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found conviction, and no power or influence can swerve me a hair from this purpose." "Well, you express yourself very plainly." "Yes, brother, for I do not wish to be misunderstood, and I assure you this interview will not be allowed to diminish my personal interest and care for you."

For three years the pastor was not "labored with" again in reference to his doctrinal teaching. He knew that it was not acceptable to some of his people, while others rejoiced that "Christ and Him crucified" was preached as the only Savior of men. It was his effort not to seem to know that any of his people were averse to any of the doctrines of evangelical Christianity while he proclaimed them, placing emphasis upon the truth that "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved," than that of Jesus Christ. At the end of the first year, the Quarterly Conference voted unanimously for the return of their pastor—as they did also at the end of the second year. With some of them it was perhaps a choice between "the frying pan and the fire"—as in the case of a brother who was heard to remark at the close of a service, "I am tired of this: it's just Jesus, Jesus every Sunday." He never knew how that remark carried strength and courage to the preacher's soul. It was a testimony to the faithfulness with which he had carried out his purpose to "know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Years afterward, when this preacher supplied the pulpit one Sunday morning, this same critic ap-

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proached him after the service and, with tears and choked utterance, said: "That is the great truth we all need to hear. It is the hope of the world." And yet the subject of that sermon was "Character: Its Origin and Development"—and the origin of a true character was found in the New Birth. The old, old story; but in some way it had come to be very sweet to that brother. Through all succeeding years that Church has been favored with pastors who, as a brother now in heaven expressed it, "ploughed a straight furrow." The writer would not leave the impression that this people antagonized him or his work, or that, with perhaps a few exceptions, they consciously were averse to the teaching of the New Testament. The religious atmosphere of that city was not bracing to an evangelical faith—quite the contrary.

The Churches of the city had been influenced in their thinking more than they knew by their environment. The constant dropping of water will wear away a stone. The noise of the hammer in the hand of a boiler-maker will almost imperceptibly impair the sense of hearing. Words of doubt or denial pounding at Ear-gate will often take from the soul's keenness of discrimination between truth and error, and leave in consciousness no trace of loss. Such was perhaps the thought of a prominent officer in that Church, when he said one day to his pastor, "We had no idea how we were drifting till you came." It is asking much of any man that he be uninfluenced by the trend of sentiment in his com-

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munity. It was a grand thing, worthy the Master's special commendation, that in *Sardis* there were a *few names* unsullied by their environment. It had not called for so high commendation if these had been among the *many*, as in Philadelphia, who had kept the word and had not denied their Lord's name. The fact that *a few* had withstood a mighty current of popular sentiment, gives them distinguished place with their Lord. In our time when historic prestige, wealth, and social influence are the vanguard of an easy form of religion which makes demand for neither self-denial nor heroism, it is not strange nor commendable if over the minds of many there creep a sort of spiritual astigmatism, confusing to moral distinctions. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light, but—"

No! My people were not consciously averse to the gospel nor antagonistic to their pastor, as appears in the fact that under a succession of preachers of the Word they became responsive to its appeals, and rejoice in a ministry to-day of a man who stands even more than erect for the defense of the truth once delivered to the saints.

Of those whose support was a tower of strength to the writer, only a few of the most conspicuous can here be named. Father Benjamin Pitman was first and foremost. He was the John Wesley of the reception, a man of noble personality, of strong mentality, a student of books, a courteous gentleman of the old school, a hater of shams, a despiser of cant, deploring a breadth that is shallow, and a narrowness

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that is yet more shallow. A man whom any minister might find it worth his while to visit often and learn how to grow old gracefully. He had already ascended to his Nebo, when the writer first met him; but while he looked afar to the City that is out of sight, he was more interested in studying the kingdoms of this world that are to surrender to the reign of his Lord. For many years he had watched the advance of the Church militant. He knew every field where the battle was on and the awful odds against us, but he "saw the triumph from afar," and "by faith he drew it nigh." Failure was not in his missionary vocabulary, except to pour contempt upon it. He saw in distant fields not simply the little bands of toilers, but "the horses and chariots of the Lord." It was his glowing enthusiasm and really eloquent addresses that kindled and kept alive the fire of missionary zeal upon the altar of this Church. A monthly missionary prayer-meeting was maintained, and was the most attractive meeting of the month. Father Pitman was yet able to be present occasionally, and his presence and addresses were always inspiring. No man was held in higher esteem and affection than he, and no man saw more worthy.

Caleb Ellis loved the Church and its services. He was always in his place, and never failed to bear part in the social meetings. A good man, who did his work well. His frequent thanksgiving for "birth and education in New England" made some of us feel our misfortune in having been born and educated

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elsewhere. But we were confident of his sincere pity. The writer was so exercised over his misfortune as to try if he could trace his ancestral roots back to the soil of New England. He was rewarded by the discovery that his paternal great-great-grandfather was Captain Welcome Esleæck, of Bristol, R. I. Thereafter he was able, in a distant way, to enter into the thanksgiving of Father Ellis.

The Hon. Ambrose Vincent was another of the loyal fathers of County Street Church. He was a man of excellent judgment, high sense of honor, business and moral integrity, and unchallenged Christian character. He was also, as becomes a genuine New Englander, of stern and rugged appearance, but of a kind nature. Righteousness was his chief characteristic, but he had schooled himself to entertain the gentler virtues. The Church was better and stronger for his identification with it. These men, with George G. Gifford and others, shouldered heroically the responsibility of building the large and beautiful edifice that—barring destruction by fire—will be the place of worship for many generations. Under the supervision of such men it was inevitable that the building should be constructed to withstand the wear of time.

Among the younger men with whom the writer was associated, only two will be mentioned, Mr. Savory C. Hatheway and Hon. George M. Eddy. They were alike only in their love of God and the Church, and their loyal support of their pastor. In temperament and training, ideals and interests,

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personal tastes and habits, they were as unlike as any two royal good fellows I have ever known, who could yet pull together in a common cause. Each in his own way was the stanch friend of the writer, who loved and trusted them both. Years later, when Death's shadow fell, and for long time lay upon the mind of Hatheway, his one-time pastor went far to visit him, and when the last good-bye was spoken the preacher turned away, sorrowing that he so soon would have one friend less on earth, but rejoicing that he would then have one friend more in heaven.

The three years in County Street Church were not as fruitful of conversions as they might have been but for conditions already named. Protracted meetings were held but with small definite results. For the first time in his ministry the pastor sought to reach some, with whom a personal interview was difficult, by the use of the mail. He wrote several letters in which the person addressed was at once informed of the pastor's personal interest, and an earnest appeal was made for the serious consideration of the question of the individual's relations to God. He was much encouraged by the answers received, and several by this means were led to Christ and united with the Church. He later employed the same method on other charges, with results which now lead him to commend this method to his brethren. Among those who were not immediately responsive to his kind appeals he noticed that many were drawn more kindly to him personally. Some of these later came into the Church

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under appeals publicly made. Only one person—a young lady of his congregation—found occasion for offense in his addressing her as one needing to give attention to the subject of personal religion; and she resented it bitterly, and in a spirit which led him for several years to keep informed through others of her subsequent life. He was sorry to have his thought confirmed that one who could so resentfully repel an effort to do her good had entered upon a descending path. But there was only one such in all his experience.

It is nearly twenty-six years ago since the writer completed the full pastoral term in County Street Church. During all these years the ties of friendship between Hon. George M. Eddy and himself have never for a moment been strained. In a season of great sorrow, along with his condolence, there flashed over the wires, "Command me in any way," while he hastened a long journey to stand beside his friend in the loneliest hour of life. How good to feel the strong hand of a friend at such a time! Friendship between man and man! What is it? It is reciprocal liking that talks little about itself. It is soul communion that depends not on chatter, but is content to sit together, but not too close; to glance one at the other when that other is not looking; to just sit silent and enjoy each other without thought of entertaining, or fear of being misunderstood; or chafe each other, or dispute and argue, and get heated without getting hurt or hurting, and somehow managing a hand-grip as if by accident or



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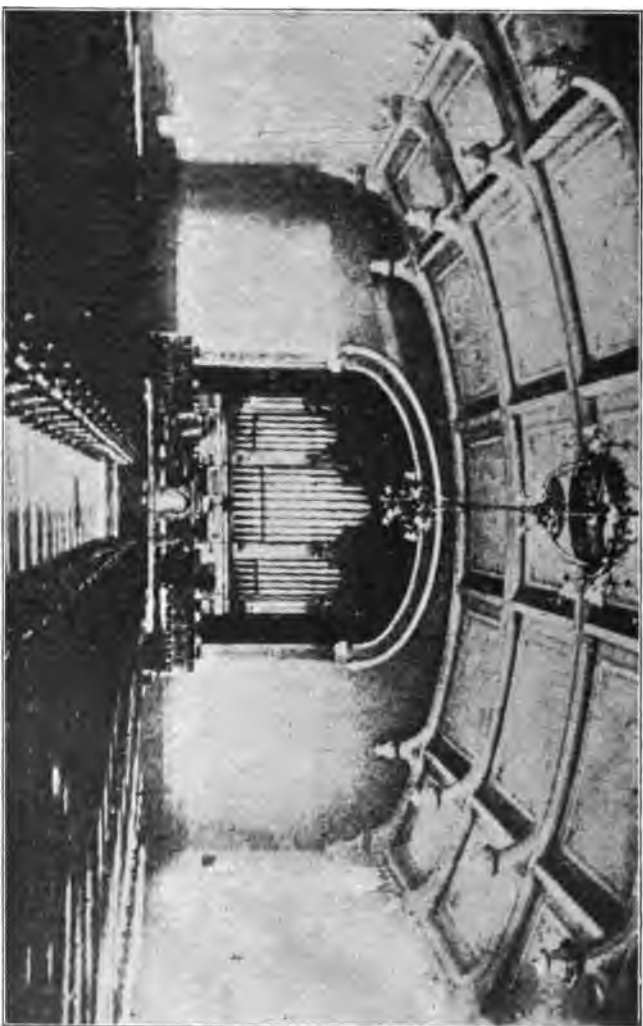
without meaning. Friendship bristles and springs to defense of the absent friend when some one dares a reflection on his honor. Ah, would God there were more such friendships in the world! George M. Eddy is my friend—thirty years my friend.

Socially, life in New Bedford was very delightful. The people, if not of leisurely habit, were never rushing as if to overtake business or pleasure. There were twenty-four hours in every day, and always prospect of the morrow. Why fret about yesterday or worry about to-morrow! On the whole, they were a frugal people, and therefore not driven to strain every nerve to protect themselves against a bankruptcy that extravagance invites. Then, too, they had time for social life—and they enjoyed it. They were not destitute of refined taste—as their homes clearly witnessed. A pleasant sort of people to live amongst, and memory of them is pleasant.

CHAPTER VIII

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, FALL RIVER, MASS.

IN the spring of 1885, on invitation of the Official Board and by appointment of the presiding bishop, the writer became pastor of Saint Paul's Church of Fall River, Mass. This was one of the most desirable Churches in the New England Southern Conference. It was a Church of families that had long been identified with it, and would remain in it till called to join the Church triumphant. While safely conservative, it was sanely progressive. Its edifice, like those of very many churches in New England, was somewhat ancient, and its exterior by no means attractive. But it had been kept in excellent repair, and the auditorium and vestries were pleasant and attractive. The congregations were large and appreciative. The people were unusually receptive of and responsive to ministrations from the pulpit. It was a pleasure to preach to them. There were many strong men in that Church whose character and life were forces felt in its services and throughout the city. One of them has for many years occupied a chair in the House of Representatives in Washington—Hon. William S. Green, who was for a long time superintendent of the Sunday school of St. Paul's Church, served as mayor of the city at least two terms, was identified with civic



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reforms, and was in every way respected and honored by his fellow-citizens, as is witnessed by his repeated election to Congress. Charles E. Case, a man who never grew weary of his work, never wearied others by his work, and who is yet a greatly beloved and successful Bible class teacher, though twenty-five years ago he had made a long time record, and one that is sufficient witness to his worth. Vernon Wade, the ever faithful optimist, the friend of everybody, who still "thinketh no evil," and never will; who always finds it possible to stand for his pastor and his Church—a man worthy of the esteem in which he is held. A. F. Shove, the cordial, good-natured treasurer, who always paid the pastor his salary with the air of one who found it a pleasure, and whose only regret was that he was unable to double it; becomingly serious in Church service, but the humorist of every social circle—a handy man to have about to fill with wit a threatened chasm between disputing brethren of positive opinions. Dr. R. J. Thompson, the good physician, the St. Luke of St. Paul's, who looked after his pastor without waiting to be "called;" the right hand of that pastor in organizing and directing the work of the Young People's Union—and his fast friend. Robert C. Brown was well on in years, but vigorous in body and mind. A rare listener to preaching, and therefore critical and sympathetic. Chaff would not catch him; cant would repel him; ice-cold reasoning would freeze him into slumber; direct appeal to the emotions would curl his lip upward; but thoughtful

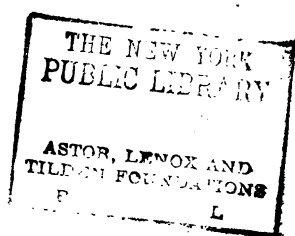
RECORDS OF A JOURNEY

discourse, given with heart-warmth, would bend him toward the preacher listening intently, and, as the thought was unfolded and he began to see the conclusion toward which it tended, his face would light up, then break into a smile of satisfaction, and finally the tears of grateful, joyous emotion would trickle down his cheeks. A lovable man was he, and an inspiration to his pastor. He is in heaven now, and for his sake I am glad, but for the sake of the men who are to stand in that pulpit, I could wish that he might have lived till the trumpet's blast.

William Mason was a man of surpassing strength and heroism of character. He was the stronghold of the Church, financially—reputed to be worth half a million. During a panic in the business of that city, his liabilities exceeded his available assets. He turned everything he had owned—even his home, over to his creditors. He was nearly seventy years of age at this time. Men in that city who had pronounced certain other men who, in business disaster, had shrewdly managed to provide for their future at the expense of their creditors—"hypocrites," now pronounced this man "a blank fool" for not saving from the crash sufficient for his own and his family's needs. Such is the consistency of the world's criticism of professing Christians. This man's creditors did not seem to regard him as either dishonest or "a fool," for they made him the manager of the business which had been conducted by the firm of which he was a member. Hardly, however, was this settlement concluded before an accident



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FALL RIVER, MASS.



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occurred, in which Mr. Mason's leg was badly fractured. It was in this condition that the writer first found him. He expected to see a man depressed—one perhaps a little bitter in complaint against the ways of Providence. But he found a man sweet in spirit, without one word of murmuring, cheery and hopeful. A volume was lying on the bed, evidently just laid down as the pastor entered. It was a volume of Daniel Webster's speeches. "O yes, I need something to occupy my attention, and I have always been an admirer of Mr. Webster." If ever a man deserved to win out, it was he. And he did. He rose from his bed, and so managed that business that in a few years he was in circumstances of comfort, and at his death left quite a little property. The incidents thus narrated are perhaps in themselves of such interest as to justify their record, but there is an ulterior purpose. The reader is about to be invited to a Sunday evening meeting to hear this man speak, and it is desired that you know something of the man to whom you are to listen. But it is also well that one knows something of the type of the meeting itself. Did you ever attend a Sunday evening New England prayer-meeting? "I suppose you mean just a prayer-meeting in New England." No, I mean a Sunday evening, not a week night, meeting; and a Sunday evening *New England* prayer meeting. Let me take you back into New England of a quarter of a century ago. It is six o'clock of a winter Sunday evening in Fall River, Mass. We enter the "vestry"—not

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"lecture room," or Sunday school room," or "basement"—but "*vestry*" of St. Paul's Church. We find it comfortably well filled. That word "comfort" is in many ways appropriate to this place—it is so home-like. We feel easy. Within the chancel rail sit two men—one youngerly, who years later might resemble the old man at your side. The other a large man, much older, full face, clean-shaven, the flush of sturdy health upon his cheeks, and hair snow-white. A man rises in the corner at our left and simply announces the number of a hymn; the pianist strikes the keys, and from that corner comes a volume of voices that pulls on the vocal organs of most present. Really, you and I come in on the chorus. Song after song for fifteen minutes. Then the pastor says, "Brother Brown, please lead us in prayer." How simple, intelligent, free from cant phrases, reverent and direct. Another song. Then the pastor reads a Scripture lesson, just one—not a dozen, just because he must read through the chapter—just one—and that is the lesson for the evening. He closes the book, and talks ten minutes about that lesson, lays it upon conscience and heart, seemingly feeling that it is important, pressingly so. Then he turns to the man in the chancel with him, saying, "Brother Mason, please give us your message now." With what dignity and deliberation he begins to speak! How he kindles with his thought! When he takes his seat, you recall what I told you of his admiration of Daniel Webster. No, No! He is not a Webster, but isn't it possible to think



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of Webster while he speaks? There is something ponderous about him that drives and fastens his thought in the hearer's mind. Is it not the strength plucked from endurance by faith in the unseen? This is not a jolly crowd, but a thoughtful one, and it is fitting we sing "Rock of Ages." The pastor speaks a few words of exhortation, gives the invitation; one rises, and another. "Sing, please—softly"—and the pastor steps to those who have risen, talks briefly to each and, leading them to the chancel-rail, kneels with them there. The singing ceases, and the pastor prays. Others follow in prayer, and before rising the hymn is sung, "Just as I am." Now there are testimonies—this time just a few, for the hour has passed and we receive the benediction. Amen! That is a New England Sunday evening prayer-meeting, only in outline. And the outline may not appear again in many weeks. There has been but one sermon during the day, and the preacher brings a fresh body and an unwearied mind to the service. If his heart is in it, and his people are not utterly dead, that service can be made more attractive than a second sermon, and more effective in soul winning. The writer has never had the courage to undertake it in the Middle or Northwest. He has regarded it as indigenous to New England, and thought it could not thrive in the West. But he would like some one of greater courage to try it. In many Churches the second sermon is of about the same importance as the fifth wheel to a wagon. In New England that service

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gave the pastor a vantage for reaching and helping souls that the pulpit did not. It also brought into action the now-so-largely unused ability of the laymen to address a religious assembly. The ability of the laity of our Church to speak to the "edification, exhortation, and comfort" of hearers is not as marked as it was thirty or forty years ago, though the average intelligence of our people is much above that of the past, and the number of those who can address a deliberative body intelligently is vastly greater. Why is it that in *religious* meetings our men and women so seldom speak with liberty and inspiration? It might be said that it is owing to the absence of a definite, assured consciousness of present salvation in Jesus Christ. And there may be—we think there is—a measure of truth in this view of the situation, for "out of the heart the mouth speaketh." But there are other and sufficient facts to account for the diminished power of effective address in our meetings on the part of our laity, and also to account for their assumed defective religious experience. As a Church, we are not as faithful in training our young people, either in respect to their experience or their activity, as the fathers and mothers were. When the writer was converted there were at once half a dozen men ready and eager to help and guide him. One of these men met him on a street corner, and for at least forty-five minutes instructed and encouraged him, both in his faith and activity. The instruction given him was practical and helpful. Within twenty-

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four hours he was confronted by one of the temptations against which this man warned him, recognized it, and resisted it. This was a business man whose business was no doubt calling him while he talked to that boy. The same man and others drew the boy into a class-room at the close of a public service, and after several prayers persuaded him to open his mouth in prayer. The next Sabbath he was led by one of these men into a class-meeting and encouraged to tell his experience, which he did at length. Then he was asked to close the meeting with prayer. Some one of these men seemed to meet him at every turn. They were constantly after him, and they were themselves examples of what they would have him become. In a little time he simply could not restrain prayer and exhortation in a meeting.

The class-meeting was a mighty factor in developing whatever gifts of expression were latent in the young convert—and it was also the means of bringing to the full of their possible strength the gifts of the class leader, and bringing him to the front in exhortation and prayer during the seasons of revival. It was in the class meeting that the future preachers of the Church were discovered. There came a time in God's providence when there was need of an adjustment of the class-meeting to the growing intelligence of our people—but not for its abandonment. The Church has no worthy substitute for it to-day.

During the incumbency of the writer, St. Paul's

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Church was one in which the class-meeting was still in vogue. There were three classes, all fairly well sustained. The time, however, had already come for the readjustment of this institution to the changed conditions—always a difficult and sometimes an impossible task. There was a man of remarkable gifts of class leadership, Mr. Iram Smith, who had built up and maintained through many years a very large class of young people, the average attendance of which was such as to fill the smaller vestry, the capacity of which must have been about seventy-five. But at the opening of the pastorate in the spring of '85 Mr. Smith's health was so impaired that he could no longer meet with his class. A substitute had already been appointed. But there was no man in that Church—and perhaps none could have been found by a wide search of Churches—who could take up the work successfully which Brother Smith was compelled to lay down. It soon became evident to the pastor that something ought to be done for the spiritual help of *the young people*, and the direction of their Christian activities. He could not undertake this in connection with the class-meeting without a friction that would worse than neutralize his efforts. He decided that while helping to maintain the class he would organize his young people into a society for mental and social improvement, and associate Christian work. This was a few years previous to the movement which culminated in the organization of the Epworth League in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The

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pastor had organized such societies elsewhere, and knew how helpful to the Church they might be made. The young people responded to his call with much enthusiasm, the organization was completed that was known as "The Young People's Union of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church." It later became "The Kimball Chapter" of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

It was as originally constituted the most helpful society of young people the writer ever had. In a very precious work of revival those young people were the right arm of the pastor's power. They would do anything he asked them to do. Through their efforts people were led to attend the meetings, who soon were converted and became useful members of the Church. Indeed, that work of revival largely resulted from the willing and faithful service of The Young People's Union. It is true that the pastor was careful to ask nothing unreasonable of any one of them, yet he did ask them to do things from which they naturally shrank. But they did them. Such hearty co-operation of young people in the work of the Church will make the pastorate of any preacher successful, and at the same time develop them in every element of Christian character.

AN INCIDENT

There was a very small contingent in the membership of this Church that was restless, uneasy, and who enjoyed themselves most in producing a

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fermentation. It mattered little what might be the nature of the ferment, only so there was a *stirring*. Relatively they were harmless, though irritating as a mosquito in one's sleeping room at night. If one thought to envelop himself in a netting of indifference, they could n't sting him, and their horn-blowing might become musical and induce a refreshing sleep. Then, too, there was only a duet any way. If there had been a quartet!

It was the night of the last Quarterly Conference of the second year. When the question of a preacher for another year was brought up, the pastor retired. He was speedily called back when Presiding Elder Morrison remarked, "Brother Kimball, the Conference has voted requesting your return for another year." "Mr. Chairman, may I ask the secretary to read the record of the vote as taken?" "Certainly. The secretary will please read the record." The report in short, was that the motion for the pastor's return was carried without a dissenting voice. Two brethren declining to vote. "Mr. Chairman! May I inquire the names of the brethren who declined to vote?" The names were given. They were the restless contingent, whom we will call Brother X and Brother Y the two letters of value which I early learned. "Brother X, will you please frankly and kindly tell me the significance of your refusal to vote on this motion?" "Why, I assure you it does not signify any opposition to your return. Indeed, there is not a man in

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the Conference I would rather have for pastor than Brother Kimball. I refused to vote because I do not think it in harmony with the polity of Methodism for a Quarterly Conference to take any action in reference to the appointment of a preacher. The authority to appoint our preachers is vested in the bishop who presides over the Annual Conference. If Brother Kimball is returned to us, no man will welcome him more heartily or support him more loyally than I." "That is perfectly satisfactory, Brother X, and I thank you for the expression of so kindly a feeling toward me personally." "Brother Y, will you kindly explain your refusal to vote on this question?" "Brother X has expressed my sentiments exactly as to the reason of my refusal to vote—and as to my personal feeling toward our pastor." "Mr. Chairman, the statements of these two brethren are very gratifying, and I wish to assure this entire body that in case the bishop reappoints me as your pastor, it will be my highest pleasure to serve you and with you the cause we all love."

The presiding elder laughed all the way to the parsonage, repeating over and again: "The slickest thing I have seen done in a long time. Why, of all men of the Conference, the two who refused to vote for your return are most thoroughly committed to your support next year." And, sure enough the preacher had n't the slightest annoyance from these men thereafter. It is not always prudent to do a thing like that, but the preacher knew his men,

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and he was not surprised by the outcome. There are times when a pastor ought to bring a certain type of men into the open.

AN ECCENTRIC MINISTER

A few years before the pastorate of the writer a minister was transferred from Brooklyn, New York, to serve this Church. He was a preacher of far more than average ability, and, despite his eccentricities and a peculiar gruffness of speech and manner, he was loved and popular on most of the charges he had served. On his first pastoral round of calls upon the St. Paul's people, some things occurred out of the usual. Those who are familiar with the city of Fall River will recall the very beautiful view of the Bay and landscape from the residential part of the city, on the northeastern elevation. The good Doctor, consulting his pastor's Street Directory, found himself within a few steps of the home of one of his families. Looking about him, he saw that his view of the Bay was intercepted by a barn adjoining—though quite in the rear of the home where he was to call. He stopped, struck his cane on the walk impatiently, and approaching the entrance, rang the bell. The lady of that home had observed him and, hastily opening the door, said, "I am glad to see you, Doctor." Without replying to the greeting, he said, "Whoever built that barn there is a fool." "Take care, Doctor, my husband built that barn." "I do n't care, the man

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who built that barn and obstructed the grand view beyond, is a fool." And yet that lady afterward recalled him and this incident with great pleasure. It was from her lips that we heard it.

On my first round of the parish, I found a lady who for more than seven years had been a helpless sufferer—unable to walk during all those years. I expressed my sympathy, when she remarked: "I am reminded by contrast of the first call of Dr. W——. Do you know him? Well, I was telling him much as I have told you of my helplessness, when he interrupted me, saying: "Tut, tut! Nobody ought to complain who is out of hell." And yet that man knew how to be sympathetic *when he was in the mood of it*. What right has a minister to be ungentelemanly? What excuse can there be for such rudeness? And yet so many make light of such worse-than-vulgarity, saying: "O, it's just his way! No man capable of such rudeness ought to be continued in the ministry, I care not what may be his abilities—the greater they are, the more harmful is his coarseness. Think of such a man preaching on the words of Paul, "Be courteous!"

A DEFINITE MINISTRY

It is not often that there is definitely set before a minister on his first Sunday in a new charge his mission to some particular person in the congregation. But this was the experience of the pastor of St. Paul's. While preaching his first sermon he

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observed a man among his hearers who seemed to be much interested and apparently deeply moved. On inquiry after the service, he learned the name of this man and that he was not a professed Christian, though among the supporters of the Church and a regular attendant. The informant added: "He was greatly interested in your discourse, and said, 'If this minister is to preach such discourses as the one he has given us to-day, I'll either have to get converted or stay away from the Church.'" The pastor's thought was from that moment, "Of all men I am responsible for that man's soul." It had long been his notion that no pastor could be God's messenger to *all* the people of his parish. The personal characteristics through which the Holy Spirit could work effectively for the help of some souls, might be a hindrance to his help of other souls. He has never found reason to abandon his notion. He has also been impressed that a man may be made effective to awaken and convince, but fall short of skill in leading the awakened soul to decision for Christ. Is not this in harmony with Paul's teaching—and the basis of that teaching as well—that our Lord "gave some to be apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ, till we all attain unto the unity of the faith. . . . Unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ?" And is not this truth the justification of our itinerant polity? With this view of the

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special mission of every true minister, this pastor early gave attention to discover those of his parish who gave sign in any way of a receptive and responsive bearing toward his ministry. He was glad to find one such man that first Sunday in St. Paul's, and he resolved, by divine help, to win that man for the Master. When special meetings were started, he selected a number of his young people who, he thought, would be most likely to influence him, and arranged that two each day should call at this man's office, and invite him to the meetings. He came, and from the first was deeply wrought upon by the Spirit. He said to a friend, "It looks as if there were a conspiracy to get me converted." One evening, as the pastor arose to announce his text, this man walked up the aisle and, kneeling at the altar, said, "Please pray for me." The people rallied about the altar, and the sermon was postponed to the next evening. This man a few evenings later was converted. Illustrative of the spirit in which the work for this man's salvation was done, one incident should be recorded. The pastor one morning dropped into the office of a member of the Young People's Union, to consult him in reference to the work. It required only a moment's glance into his face to see that he had been with his Lord. The two men clasped hands, spirit communing with spirit. Soon the young man said: "I had a new experience last night. I was thinking of our friend for whom we have been praying, and as I thought, my feelings became intense, and I knelt in prayer for him. As

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I prayed, a spirit came upon me such as I never knew before. I continued to pray into the night with an agony of desire for this friend's salvation. Then there came to me a restful assurance that he would be saved. I never had such an experience before, and I hardly know what to make of it." Is it any wonder if souls are saved when the Church enters into the experience of prayer like this? Would it not be strange if there were no conversions in a Church where there were even a very few believers, in whose hearts was such an agony of prayer! It was not a fanatic's, but a sanely Christian's prayer, which Bishop Berry offered when he exclaimed: "Roll upon us, O God, the burden of the Church's awful need! Give us the vision to see that we approach a crisis unparalleled in Thy Kingdom for many years! Make us to travail in pain! Take sleep from our eyes! Take joy from our hearts! Give to us an agony of desire! May we wrestle, wrestle, wrestle, until the cloud of promise appears in the sky!"

A NO-LICENSE CAMPAIGN

It was, I think, in the fall of 1886 that a call was issued, by one of the numerous factions into which the temperance element of the city was unfortunately divided, to the order loving people to assemble for the consideration of measures for the moral betterment of Fall River. The indefiniteness of the call was perhaps the reason that less than one hundred persons responded. Our memory is that the hall

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in which we gathered was dimly lighted, and vault-like in its atmosphere. In this the writer's memory may be at fault. Possibly it was the pessimistic spirit of the meeting itself that has left this impression, and that the hall was brilliantly lighted and full of fresh air. In either case, of this he is sure,—never before or since has he been one of such a despairing company as on that night. The voice and manner of the chairman, the prayer offered, and the bearing and speech of those who were conspicuous in the early part of the meeting, were disheartening. We found that the purpose of the meeting was to unite on some plan for the resistance of the liquor power in the city, but speech after speech was made to show the impossibility of accomplishing anything. There was no hope for us in the local option law, since so large a proportion of our population were foreign-born, and they, with the liquor men of American birth, would beat us at the polls. Some, indeed, were prepared to prove this by carefully gathered statistics. The lights were burning dimmer and the air was getting fouler every minute. Again and again this pastor looked over the company in vain search for one of his "cloth" from whom some word of hope might be expected. He does not recall the fact if any of the pastors beside himself were there. It surely was not a largely representative gathering of the citizens supposed to be invited. Nevertheless, it was worth while trying to save the meeting from the incubus of utter failure. Therefore, a speech was made in which the facts adduced

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by former speakers were admitted, while the conclusion drawn from those facts was declared not to be sustained by them. No prevalent evil ever existed that did not have many and powerful supporters, both in the open and under cover, while reform always began with the few. There also was always a large contingent who, recognizing the evil and giving it no positive support, yet regarded it a necessary evil in the prevalent state of society, and to whom all efforts of reform seemed futile and doomed to failure. This last class was in all history the greatest hindrance to reform of any kind. But the true reformer was not dismayed by the great array of positive foes and the despairing contingent, for, in estimating the strength of the reform movement, he counts not only the heads of his visible compeers, but the invisible *Commander* of all the forces of righteousness, visible and invisible, under whom every true reform in history has been led to victory. What was needed then and there, was *courage* inspired by the righteousness of our cause, and the leadership of Him before whom the enemies of reform are as grasshoppers. This speech brought out the fact that the audience was not as pessimistic as it had seemed. Others spoke hopefully of winning a "No-License" vote at the city election. Committees were appointed to confer with the "Union Ministerial Association," the "W. C. T. U.," and the "Protestant Young Men's Total Abstinence Society;" also a "committee to co-operate with committees appointed by the above

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mentioned societies." Later, at a meeting of the Joint Committees, it was decided to enter upon a campaign for "No-License." The pastors were to preach on the subject the next Sabbath, and a mass-meeting was called in one of the largest churches for an evening of the next week.

The tide of public interest rose rapidly, and the current of popular sentiment was so strong as to give promise of sweeping all opposition before it. The movement had thus become a force for politicians to reckon with. So they must capture it and get it under control. A company of them, sleek as the practice of politics can make men, appeared at a mass-meeting, and at its close the ministers and the committee having the movement in charge were invited to meet a few friends in the vestry for consultation. One of the politicians was introduced to address us. After a flattering tribute to the ministers who had awakened the public conscience on this question, we were informed of the desire of these gentlemen to co-operate with us in the good work, etc., etc., and that to win out at the polls it was necessary to discontinue all public agitation of the question and enter upon a "still hunt"—which meant personal effort in all the voting precincts to get men pledged to vote for no license. If the public agitation were kept up, we were told the liquor interests of the State would pour money without stint into Fall River to buy a license majority. The "still hunt" policy carried, but one preacher announced that his pulpit would thunder every

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Sabbath with argument and appeal for no license till the day of election. And it did, attracting a full house each Sunday evening, but one, and a severe storm accounted for a small audience that evening. Why did this pastor refuse to fall into line with the policy of silence? Because he believed that votes for no license without moral conviction behind them would not be a victory for the cause. A "still hunt" might get votes, but agitation was needed to create moral conviction. The election gave a big majority for no license and *a big majority for the liquor candidate for mayor*—a man who knew in his person the effects of intemperance, and chose to perpetuate them. The result was free rum that year, and an overwhelming vote for license the next year.

"The children of this world are wiser (shrewder) in their generation than the children of light." The politicians won out that time, making good with the liquor element, and largely with the moral element—the latter hoodwinked by their seeming identification with the good cause. What is the name in army circles for such shrewdness, and what is its penalty?

CHAPTER IX

TRANSFER TO ROCK RIVER CONFERENCE

IN the fall of 1887 a telegram was received from Bishop Mallalieu, who was presiding over the Rock River Conference, announcing the writer's transfer to that Conference, and his appointment to the South Park Avenue Church of Chicago. This occurred midway in the third year of his pastorate of St. Paul's Church. A change would have been inevitable by the Methodist law at the end of that year, and it would occasion the pastor no little regret to leave a people at any time so dearly loved and with whom his relations had been so agreeable and harmonious. But to leave them in mid-year, and go out from a Conference in which he had received the kindest consideration into a Conference of total strangers, not knowing what reception might be accorded him, was an experience by no means to be coveted. But the Methodist preacher becomes inured to such changes, and is able to adjust himself to them with less friction than most other men. It remains, however, that the last Sabbath and the farewell reception pull mightily on his sensibilities. When the good-bye is spoken, and he turns his face from familiar scenes and tender associations to those far away and unknown, he were

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less than human if he felt no heartache. And the wife? Ah, the strength and courage of the minister's wife! Do not we men know that under stress of trial it is the so-called weaker that holds up the boastful stronger? Let us have done with our talk of the weaker vessel!

We reached Chicago at 9.30 P. M., and were met at the station by the venerable Rev. Luke Hitchcock, D. D., one of the grand men of our Methodism. Driving along Michigan Boulevard, its perspective, width of driveway, parking, and elegant homes impressed us as very beautiful. Our reception in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Hitchcock—which was also that of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Wilson—was all that refinement and the most cordial hospitality could make it. For two weeks we were guests in this delightful home while the parsonage was being put in readiness to receive us, and it is a pleasure to add that never have we received greater kindness in any home than we received during those two weeks from every member of that household, from the tiny boy—youngest of three children—to Dr. and Mrs. Hitchcock, the most admirable and lovable pair we have ever known. Many years have come and gone since those of our pastoral relation to the members of that home, some of whom have “fallen on sleep,” but in our heart there lives a grateful memory of kindness unsurpassed and a loyalty worthy the name which the years can never wear away.

Somewhat of disappointment awaited our coming



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to this charge. We had read in one of our Church papers some months before that the beautiful church in process of construction would reach a stage before Conference that would admit of the use of the basement for services. We found that, owing to certain business disasters, work had been discontinued for a long time and was resumed only a few weeks previous to our arrival. The walls were only four or five feet above the foundation. The old church edifice on Michigan Avenue had been sold, with the right reserved to occupy it till a specified date, when it was thought the new building would be so far completed that the congregation could worship in the basement. But the panic in '87 resulted in the cessation of work on the building, and when the time came to give possession of the Michigan Avenue Church, the congregation was compelled to seek a temporary place for worship. Nothing desirable could be found in that part of the city, and Lincoln Hall, with a livery stable under it, was the only place available. Here for three months, in conditions anything but encouraging, a little company of loyal souls assembled each Lord's day for worship.

Then came a glad day, January 29, 1888, when a happy people gathered for the first service in the beautiful and spacious lecture room of the new church. Congregations were numerically encouraging, new names were constantly being added to our membership roll, a large Sunday school was gathered, and a few Sabbaths after entering the building, ten

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thousand dollars were raised at a morning service to complete the finishing of the auditorium.

November 4, 1911, the church was dedicated by Bishop John P. Newman, D. D., LL. D. It was a wonderful day. It was thought by many, the good Dr. Luke Hitchcock among them, that if the church could be dedicated with an indebtedness not exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars, the enterprise should be regarded as a great success. The cost of the property was somewhat over one hundred thousand dollars. When the building was dedicated, not only was every dollar of indebtedness provided for by good pledges, but *fifteen thousand dollars in excess* of what was needed. Dr. Arthur Edwards, editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, said editorially that "this is the greatest achievement in church building in the history of our Church in the Northwest."

There were many noble men and women in that Church whose splendid giving and sacrifice for the cause seemed to deserve for reward the building up of a Church, second to no other in the city in numbers, strength, and power. But there were facts patent to the writer within the first few months of his pastorate, which he studiously avoided mentioning to his people,—facts, however, which he thought clearly indicated the impossibility of building up a congregation commensurate with their splendid plant. One of these facts was that the Protestant element in that portion of the city was already relatively small and steadily diminishing.

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The beautiful homes on Michigan Boulevard were rapidly falling into the hands of Jews and Romanists. The same was true of all the streets and avenues between the Boulevard and the Lake. A large synagogue was built only a few blocks from our church. South Park Avenue, on which our church was located, and especially that part of it that lay within a five-minute walk of our church, was largely occupied by Jews and Romanists. The trend of Protestants was away from that locality, and chiefly southward. Over against this fact was another, the South Park Avenue church edifice was planned and constructed for a *great* congregation. The auditorium, with its great galleries, made a small audience depressing to the preacher and to itself. Enthusiasm is possible to a congregation of three hundred persons if it packs the auditorium in which it is assembled, but that congregation in an auditorium of capacity for five times that number will find itself without the conditions essential to enthusiasm. And what must be the effect upon the preacher as he looks upon empty galleries, and remembers that they were built in the expectation that *they would be filled*? Many a preacher has had that experience, and has decided to seek another field, or to turn himself into a moral entertainer—with chief emphasis on the word and character of *entertainer*.

Such were the conditions as the new pastor apprehended them. Why, then, did he not seek to dissuade his people from building after the plans

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adopted before his coming? Because the contracts were let and the construction was under way.

Nevertheless, he did have the temerity to express his views of the situation to a few of the leading men, and to suggest that the galleries be omitted from the plan adopted. But the reception accorded his views was not such as to encourage him to press them farther. Indeed, he never made a more unwelcome suggestion. And he was not blind to the fact that the whole scheme of the building demanded for proportion and unity the galleries; that to strike them from the plan would require a change of the whole plan from the floor of the auditorium to its ceiling. Walls, tower, windows, roof, all would have to be changed—a very difficult, if not impossible thing to do *upon the ground plan*, which was already constructed.

Later, in an interview with the Clark Street board, from which he sought financial aid, *and got it*, he said: "If it be true that the location is not wisely chosen, and the plan of the building is not adjusted to probable needs, it remains that change of location or change of plan is now impossible—made so by the large amount of money already put into a structure suited only to church purposes, and the sale of which would not therefore cover existing liabilities, but would bankrupt the society. The most pessimistic view possible of the situation does not remove or diminish the necessity of completing the enterprise. The honor of Methodism is at stake." The pastor did not indorse this gloomy

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view of the situation, though his listeners may have seen that he did not regard it as entirely without basis in reason. The more than twenty years of that Church's history have demonstrated the fact that it has a mission, and that its mission might have been as well, and perhaps more fully, accomplished with a smaller original financial outlay. Throughout the East and Middle West, during the last thirty or forty years, we have built far too many great churches for small congregations. We have been building "for the future," to the injury of the present. It is not simply that a small congregation in a big church is dispiriting to preacher and people, but the cost of maintaining a large church is so great as to be burdensome to a small membership, and the struggle each year to meet the inevitable deficit does not tend to increase the number of supporters. It is the writer's judgment that instead of building for the future it is wiser to build for the present, and instead of building for the *occasional* large audience it is wiser to build for the *usual* large audience—that is, the average audience under favorable conditions and without special attractions. Such a building, constructed with a view to needed enlargement, would better meet present needs and give greater promise of growth than one of twice the size of the congregation. There is something in the touch of elbows.

The pastor knew the expectation of his people. The galleries would be needed for the accommodation of the people who would here seek their Church

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home. But they were not needed—except on a few special occasions. There was simply a fair congregation making a good showing on the floor of the auditorium, and room for many more without opening the galleries. There was a steady growth in membership, but it was too slow to be inspiring. And those empty galleries! What preacher who has made a study of human nature would not know in like conditions that his people, the financial burden bearers, would hold him responsible for those empty galleries! This pastor knew it within two months after dedication, though no word had been spoken in his hearing that implied it, and he promptly decided early in the summer that the next year should complete his service of that Church. He thought it quite possible that an available man might be found who, by legitimate methods, would attract a congregation such as was provided for in those galleries. If that were possible, he would rejoice. However it might prove, he would take himself away and give the possible a chance at the end of his third year. In conversation with Bishop Fowler in regard to his purpose, the bishop said: "Where is the available man who can fill that church? I am sure I do not know." It may have been the kind heart of the bishop that spoke, and not his clearly discriminating mind. Later a man who was an officer but not a member of the Church proposed a change at the expiration of the second year—but the pastor promptly and decidedly re-

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fused to entertain the proposition. He had means of knowing that the malcontents were very few—that the people were with him, and, without announcing it to them, he held to his purpose to seek another field at the close of the third year.

During the twenty years since the close of his pastorate, South Park Avenue Church has had the service of six pastors. These years have witnessed great changes in the personnel of that people, but the great congregation has never been gathered. Neither pastors nor people are responsible for this fact. It has its ground in conditions which neither could alter. The first pastor would be a stranger to most of those who now worship within the walls of that beautiful temple, but he remembers with sincere affection those to whom it was his privilege to minister, and especially those whom it was his joy to lead into the Kingdom. "One by one we're passing over." The last to "put out to sea" was my precious friend, Thomas Kent, one of the truest, noblest, and most kingly men I have ever known. I doubt not

"He saw his Pilot face to face,
When he had crossed the bar."

And she—full worthy to have for husband such a man—she, whose influence over him was always strengthening and ennobling, she sits in loneliness, yet in peaceful waiting for a glad reunion. It may come soon, for evening shadows gather; but, for

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some, eventide lingers long after; for others, night has come. For her there will be no night, and may she forgive the hope that evening glow may tarry long before the one clear call for her. O, the hope—the confident, assured hope of blessed immortality in Jesus Christ!

CHAPTER X

INVITED TO FIRST CHURCH, OAK PARK

EARLY in the summer of 1890 a committee from the Oak Park Church requested, by letter, an interview with the writer. It was found that they were authorized by their Official Board to invite him to the pastorate of their Church, and the outcome was his appointment at the next session of the Rock River Conference by the presiding bishop, R. S. Foster. A union revival service was in progress when the newly-appointed pastor entered this field. The Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Congregational Churches were included in the union, and the meetings were held in the Methodist church, as it then was more central and capacious. B. Fay Mills, at that stage of his strange career one of the most popular evangelists in the country, was in charge of the meetings. Audiences taxing the capacity of the auditorium assembled nightly to hear this gifted and magnetic speaker. His power was not that of profound thought, nor was it that of oratory. He was an illustrative talker. Logic was a stranger to him, but he was full to overflowing of anecdotes—an excellent story teller. To his credit be it said, he was not a buffoon. He did not once descend from seriousness to trifling—the sin

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of so many evangelists and preachers of our time. He was far from being destitute of earnestness. He had a message—a message of moral self-reform, and such fragments of the gospel as he could interpret in harmony with this message he still clung to, and used, I believe, with genuine earnestness. In this respect he was a sort of John the Baptist, but, unlike the rugged prophet of the wilderness, he was not aware that “One mightier than he was coming after him,” who would baptize his followers with the Holy Spirit and with fire. This man’s teaching began and ended with self-reform and self-culture. There was nothing to look for but the peace arising from the consciousness of personal rectitude. There was no Savior to meet in personal self-surrender; no saving touch of His mighty power; no renewal of the *nature* by the Holy Spirit, no divine witness of forgiveness. These things were not denied; they were simply not taught. One evening in an inquiry meeting the writer sought to point such as had been awakened to the importance of a new life to the Savior, through whose merit forgiveness is promised, and the new life is begotten by the Holy Spirit. He offered no word of criticism on the teaching that had been given, but sought to inspire inquirers with expectation of *something to be* done for them. Pardon was to be looked for, and such a change of the moral nature as would bring them into harmony with the divine will, and make the dominant desire of their hearts and the supreme joy of their life to be fellowship with the Lord Jesus



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in loving obedience and service. This change was not effected by our repentance, but repentance toward God *and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ* were the conditions upon which salvation was ministered by the Holy Spirit.

Mr. Mills followed these remarks with a skillful attempt to neutralize their teaching by laying emphasis on the sinner's power of self-reformation. At the close of the meeting this pastor said: "Mr. Mills, if you attempt again to do that which you have just done, I will publicly assail your teaching, and show the people how you, from the first, have ignored the teaching of Christ and His apostles. If you are content to deliver the call to repentance as you have done, and leave us who believe in the gospel of a divinely wrought salvation to declare our message, well and good. But do not dare again to attempt to turn the attention of souls away from Christ as the Savior of the lost." Mr. Mills disclaimed any purpose to turn the minds of the people from the pastor's teaching. A disclaimer which the pastor regretted his making, for a reason he need not name. However, the warning given was thereafter heeded by Mr. Mills.

The later aberrations of this man pained but did not surprise the writer. He was even then well on his way to the denial of every distinctively Christian doctrine, and perhaps the best service any man holding orders in an evangelical Church can do that Church, when he has lost faith in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as containing

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the revealed word of God, is to withdraw himself from its ministry and membership. Any worthy sense of honor would impel him to do this. But how inexpressibly sad it is to see a man whose life began in the light of a Christian faith go out in the darkness of bold denial! The question presses to the pen point: Is it thinkable that one who has had a definite and clear experience of the saving power of Jesus Christ can so far fall away, under the power of open or secret sin, as to honestly regard his former experience as a delusion, and sincerely confront his conscience with a denial of all faith in the Scriptures and in Him whom he once acknowledged as Savior and Lord? We would not answer such a question dogmatically, but it is our thought that, while doubt of speculative theories may arise in the mind of such an one, *honest* denial of experimental truth is impossible. Long periods of degeneracy may kill out the faith of God in the history of a people, as attested by Paul in Romans 1, but that a man in a short lifetime can pass out of an experience of salvation into honest denial of it, seems impossible. Either the experience or the denial, it seems to us, must be false. It may seem to some a bold statement, indicating both narrowness of mind and absence of reflection, but we confidently hold that unbelief in the supernatural is impossible to one who has had a *definite Christian experience*. "He that is born of God hath the witness in himself." He may forfeit the new life into which he was graciously inducted—but the *memory* of it will

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remain a sufficient answer to the specious reasoning of unbelief. He may seek cover under such reasoning from the upbraidings of conscience; he may boldly reiterate his denial of anything supernatural in his former experience, as the sick sometimes seek release from suffering by denial of the fact of pain, but neither can succeed in deceiving himself. Men who have known nothing of the transforming power of Christianity, though ministering at her altars, may pass from an inherited or speculative faith into positive denial of her essential doctrines without forfeiting our confidence in their alleged consciousness of sincerity. Opinions or even convictions grounded in a lower or higher degree of probable evidence are one thing; knowledge acquired in experience is quite another thing.

The results to our Church of the union meetings were in every way very limited. The fact that the pastor was a stranger to the community and to his own people would have made it difficult for him to gather up the results, had there been such. Eighty cards, signed by those who desired to live a better life, were placed in his hands. Some of these cards bore the names of children too young to write them; others the names of children and youths who were already members of our Church; others the names of older members who could, of course, say at any time that it was their desire to lead a better life; others the names of persons whom neither pastor nor committee could identify. There remained a very few whose signatures represented

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a genuine and intelligent purpose to seek the straight gate and the narrow way "that leadeth unto life." Of these was one, a prominent business man, whose subsequent life was a blessing to the Church.

The Oak Park Church was in many respects one of the strongest in the Rock River Conference. A large proportion of its men were engaged in business in Chicago, and in character had the confidence and esteem of the public. A well-to-do people, some of whom possessed considerable wealth. There were more men in that Church who could address a religious assembly intelligently, and to edification, than in any other the writer has served. A larger proportion of the male members were regular attendants and participants in the mid-week prayer-meeting. The annual gifts of this people to benevolent causes exceeded those of any other Church of corresponding ability in the Conference. The regular benevolences of our denomination were looked after by their respective committees in the most thorough way, greatly to the pastor's relief. Indeed, this was the one only Church he has served the committees of which undertook the work for which they were raised.

The one element of weakness in this Church was its lack of unity. "Two Churches under one roof," is the way another has expressed it. The one was progressive, the other conservative. The one would keep the home Church's expenses down, that more might be given to foreign missions; the other would support the home Church generously,

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as a means of local usefulness and increase of ability to do for the foreign work. No further outline of the situation is needed unless it be to add that there were good men and conscientiousness in both of the "two Churches under one roof."

That was a divinely wise direction which Paul gave to the Church at Ephesus when he said: "Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." "The unity of the spirit"—not of opinions touching matters about which none of us can produce a "thus-saith-the-Lord." It is inevitable that in all associate work there will be diversity of opinions as of "gifts," but unity of spirit can be kept "in the bond of peace," and must be so kept if we would succeed in our work.

Early in the third year of this pastorate the writer informed the presiding elder that it was his desire to be assigned to another field at the next session of the Conference. During the Conference session eight men from that Church, representative in character, public esteem and financial support of the Church, appeared before the bishop, insistently requesting the return of their pastor over his own request to be removed. But a committee from First Church, Chicago, had already petitioned the bishop to appoint him to their Church, and he was so appointed.

FIRST CHURCH, CHICAGO, sometimes called the

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Clark Street Church, is located in the business heart of the city, on the corner of Clark and Washington Streets. It is the Mother Church of Methodism, organized in 1831. Its first house of worship was built of logs in 1834. This was displaced by one of brick in 1845. In 1857 a charter was granted by the Legislature, enabling the society to erect a building in part for commercial purposes, and in 1858 a composite building, containing beside auditorium, stores and offices, was erected at a cost of \$70,000. This structure stood until swept away by the fire of 1871, whereupon the present one was erected at an expense of \$130,000.

"This Church is justly called the Mother of Chicago Methodism, for 158 out of 214 Churches largely owe their existence to her generosity, which up to 1910 figures close to \$725,000. Standing where she was placed in 1839, at that corner 'where cross the crowded ways of life,' she is peculiarly the exponent and guardian of evangelical Christianity at the center of that great city."

This is not a Church of families, but rather a Church of strangers. A few men have been identified with it for many years—men who are also trustees of what is known as "The Methodist Church Block." The rental income from the stores and offices in this "Block" was about \$45,000 a year. By the terms of the charter under which this property was held, the rental income above the sum set apart for the maintenance of the Church services—or the pastor's salary—was required to be applied

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to Church extension within the city limits. This is the explanation of the fact that 158 of the Methodist Churches in Chicago "largely owe their existence" to the First Church. They were aided from the treasury of this corporation to build permanent and beautiful structures without imperiling their existence by a mortgage on their property. This started the new Churches on their mission from a great vantage. The men who conceived and wrought out this plan are deserving of the enduring gratitude of Methodism in Chicago. Among those enshrined in grateful memory are the names of Grant Goodrich and Orrington Lunt. There are others doubtless quite worthy, but these are mentioned because personally known to the writer.

As the "Church of the Strangers," we were largely dependent for congregations upon the transient guests of the numerous hotels in that part of the city. There was a small body of young men and women in the membership of this Church who were accustomed to meet in the church parlors at an early evening hour, partake of "a plain tea," and then, after a season of prayer, go out on the street corners and into the rotundas and corridors of hotels, distributing cards of invitation to the service. The same was done on Saturday evening or Sunday morning. In this way many were attracted to the services who had not for many years entered a house of worship. The congregations were never large, but perhaps the helpful influence of the evening service was of wider sweep than that of any

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family Church in the city. During the four years' pastorate of which we write over one hundred letters were received by the pastor from men who were impelled by the benefit received to tell of vows made on leaving the Church to seek the Christian experience and life. During the month of August, in 1895, there were forty-five persons, adults, who definitely sought the Savior, and all of these were non-residents of the city, and the remarkable fact is, that a majority of these were tradesmen from towns distant from Chicago, who were in the city to buy goods for the fall and winter trade, and several of them confessed to the pastor that they had not for years before heard a sermon. These men solemnly promised that on their return home they would join the Church and live the Christian life.

One evening a stranger was ushered to a front pew. In a few moments the pastor became conscious that this man was eying him closely—almost interrogatively. He interpreted that close inspection as meaning, "I wonder if that preacher means what he is saying?" and the prayer leaped from the preacher's heart, "Help me, Lord, to give Thy message to this man!" At the close of the service the stranger shot down the aisle before the pastor could reach him. The next Sunday evening the same stranger was present. There was a burning heart in the pulpit that night, and when the invitation to any who would seek the Lord to come forward was given, that stranger responded and knelt at the altar. There were others—also strangers

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—but I do not recall the face of one of them. There was one soul there whom the Spirit had put upon my heart. He was not converted that evening, but he was shortly afterward. I learned from his lips that a card of invitation had brought him to Church for the first time in over twenty years. He was simply curious to know what sort of a Church it was that sent messengers into the streets to invite strangers to its services. He had not felt kindly toward Churches or preachers, but he received an impression under that first sermon from which he could not get away. During the remainder of my pastorate he attended the Sunday evening services, and was very helpful in caring for the human flotsam that drifted to our notice. He did not, however, join the Methodist Church. The woman he was about to marry being a member of another Church, he felt he ought to go with her.

The Churches are few that gather so little strength from work accomplished as does this Mother of Chicago Methodism. That work is not entered in the record of the Church kept by the pastor, but there is One in whose books are entries other than the names of members, and when *those* books are opened to our inspection it will be a surprise and joy to those who belonged there to read the names of hundreds who were born into the new life in the old First Church, and went to their homes in distant towns and cities to live thereafter the Christian life. The work of no Church can be fully tabulated, and that which is, is often her poorest work. Our Lord taught

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us that "the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation." The good done by Churches and individuals is often unobserved by those in whose midst it is wrought, and even by those who do it. This is especially true of a Church whose mission is to strangers.

The strategic point of Chicago Methodism is the corner of Clark and Washington Streets. There ought to be built on that corner one of the most imposing structures of the city—a sky-scraper in more senses than one, but chiefly in that of housing a score of the strongest men of Chicago Methodism; men of far-reaching vision; men who see in sacrifice the grand opportunities of life; men "of gifts, grace, and usefulness," to sustain and co-operate with a pastor chosen from the wide field of our denomination for his special adaptation to that class of work. Given an institutional plant so manned and officered, First Church would be the great feeder of Methodism far and near. But a plant unmanned as we have suggested, however adapted to its work, can never accomplish the mission which, as we think, is clearly defined by its very location. That should be the center of evangelism in the great city, supported by men of unflagging zeal guided by a sanctified intelligence and empowered by an abiding Pentecostal experience.

The appeals by letter and in person to the pastor of this Church for assistance in some form are probably more numerous than to any other minister in the city. Its location—in the business center

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of the city—and a vague but widespread impression that its large income is distributed by the Church society in any way it may choose, are perhaps sufficient explanation of the fact that all types and conditions of needy humanity pour their story of want and suffering into the ear of the pastor. The fact, however, is that the board of trustees is not empowered under the charter to apply a dollar of the income from store and office rentals to private or public charity. Nor is there any other fund to draw upon for the relief of suffering. The suffering in a great city is at any time appalling, but probably that of the winters of '94 and '95 was greater than of any previous period except that which followed the great fire of '71. A multitude of those who had been attracted to Chicago by the prospect of employment at high wages during the Columbian Exposition found themselves at its close without work, without money, cold and starvation confronting them. The condition was indescribably pitiful. Hungry, shelterless, shivering in the bitter cold, insufficiently clothed, they tramped the streets day after day in vain search for work, hundreds of them sleeping at night on the tile floor of city hall with a newspaper under them, and nothing covering them. The cheap lodging houses were filled by men who had earned or begged enough during the day for a fifteen-cent lunch and a dime lodging. The majority of these men may have been the vicious creators of their own misery, but there were many who were simply unfortunate

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victims of circumstances—men of worthy purposes, of moral lives, temporarily stranded, and needing the lift of human kindness to strike into self-help. Personally, we did what we could to appease the hunger and help to obtain work for those of the latter class. We may have been deceived in some instances, but we know that some thus helped were worthy of the assistance given them. Yet the help was to the need only as a drop to the bucket. The hope was then awakened that the First Church, when she shall enter upon her wider mission in a new building, worthy of and adapted to her greater work, will have among other important agencies an employment bureau by which the need for service and the servers may be brought together.

Numerous inquiries reached the pastor's office through the mails from anxious parents whose children were employed in the city; from wives whose wayward husbands were neglecting them, and who were supposed to be earning and wasting money in the need of which their families were suffering, and appeals in behalf of loved ones sick in the hospitals for pastoral attention. Out of these conditions arose the necessity for a "Pastor's Assistant," an office supplied by Rev. Mr. Nickle, who also served as precentor and soloist, and by Rev. L. N. Moyer. A deaconess was also employed.

Pastoral service in this Church is unlike that which is required in a Church of families. Except in cases of illness, calamity or bereavement, the members of this congregation who desired an inter-

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view with the pastor sought him at his office in the "Church Block," where he could be found four afternoons of each week. He was also pleased to visit the sick in hospitals when his attention was called to them by their friends—as was often done by letter. He has thought that his ministry to these patients who, in many instances, were far from kindred and friends, brought him into closest touch with the Master who was ever "moved with compassion" in the presence of suffering. But much of the joy of the pastoral relation was missed in that Church. The distance at which the few families in its membership lived from each other and from the church (one of the families, very regularly attendant at the morning service, lived over thirty miles distant from the city) made it impossible for the pastor to enter into their home life. There was also lost to him the joy of watching and training the Christian development of the most of those whom he had been permitted to lead to the Savior, for, as has been stated, the large majority of such were not residents of Chicago. It was touch and move on. Yet there were compensations. Among these were the opportunity of broad, if transient, touch with people of as diverse types as places of habitation; freedom from the petty cares and unreasonable demands found in the average parish, and the greater opportunity for uninterrupted application to study. The morning caller did not break in upon a line of thought well started but incomplete. The writer thinks that during that pastorate of four years his

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mental growth exceeded that of any six years of his previous ministry, though he had already passed the age at which a minister's mentality is popularly supposed to cease to develop. Among his predecessors in this pulpit were Drs. O. H. Tiffany, Charles H. Fowler (bishop), Wm. H. Daniels (historian), H. W. Thomas, M. M. Parkhurst, R. M. Hatfield, and Wm. Fawcett.

CHAPTER XI

THE OPEN DOOR WHICH NO MAN CAN SHUT

THE history of individuals, as of nations, is divided into epochs, and the transition from one epoch to another is often, perhaps always, marked by some testing incident—some trial of faith—by which the plan of the individual life seems broken, thwarted, and the personal usefulness impaired by some malignant power, visible or invisible. And the seeming may be real, both as to the nature of the cause and the natural result to the life affected by it. A rational faith in Divine Providence does not require the acceptance of the *agent* as the minister of divine justice, but it does require the acceptance of the *situation*, and the putting of one's self into the restricted sphere with renewed consecration, tightened girdle, and firmer grip of the hand of his Lord. Divine promises were given us to tie to—not to cut down to the proportions of unbelief. It meant something when it was written, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee: the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain," and it means the same to-day. Paul knew the full content of his words when he wrote, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Not that it is in the things themselves to work for our good—else all would be profited by "all things"—but that God is over all things,

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good and evil things, controlling, transmuting, and compelling them—even against their nature and intent—to contribute to the good, and *to make this contribution now and here* “to them that love God.” If we really believed this, how calm would we be in disaster, how expectant and therefore joyous in disappointment and tribulation, how eager to meet the break-up of our plans as a harbinger of better and greater things just beyond—the opening of a grander, diviner epoch than life had before realized.

The writer can not affirm it for others, but a review of his own life long since impressed him that every disappointment, loss, injustice, misrepresentation, denial of a coveted good which could be his only by sacrifice of duty, and failure to achieve that for which he strove, when accepted in a spirit of loyalty to God and reconsecration to His service, has been followed by some special token of divine favor and sometimes by the opening of a new epoch of larger opportunity and extended usefulness. And he has come to regard this as a law of the Kingdom, conditioning all genuine progress from the less to the greater. Did not our Lord say, “He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall keep it unto life eternal?”

THE CHURCH AT SYCAMORE

A door was opened into larger and more extended service for the writer when, in the fall of 1897, he was appointed pastor of *the Church at Sycamore*

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more. The hands which had closed other doors "knew not what they did" when they opened this one and thrust him through. They, no more than he, could have known how this was to be overruled for his greater comfort and usefulness. However, the succeeding thirteen years have been richer in personal blessing and in work accomplished than any other like period in a ministry of forty-six years.

Sycamore is a beautiful little city about fifty miles west of Chicago. The Church there was, and is now, one of the largest and strongest on the Dixon District. The welcome accorded the new pastor by the people of the Church, and, indeed, of the city, was the most cordial possible. The parsonage, located on the most beautiful street of the city, was at once thoroughly modernized and refitted. Within six weeks after Conference we were in the triumph of a blessed work of revival. Congregations packed the church. The salary was increased three hundred dollars, and the treasurer reported that he had been called upon by certain men of the city, who were not members of his Church, who said, "We want to help you to support your minister." When the revival meetings closed, it was found necessary to provide a large number of chairs for the lecture-room, to accommodate the people who attended the Monday and Thursday evening meetings. It was frequently remarked that Sycamore had not been so quickened in its religious life in twenty-five years. This was a condition such as the pastor had vainly coveted during his

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pastorates in Chicago. He did not realize it there—nor have his successors so far as he has been informed.

In the summer of 1898 the pastor was deeply impressed that the city needed again to be awakened to the supreme importance of things spiritual and eternal. About this time he received a circular letter from an evangelist proffering his services. He was highly recommended by certain Churches with which he had labored. A correspondence followed, resulting in his engagement for a specified date. This date was placed sufficiently beyond that of the Annual Conference session, to admit of the pastor's doing some preparatory work after Conference and before the evangelist's arrival. He came, however, much before the time agreed upon. He began his work on a Sunday morning, in a very confident spirit, announcing the number of converts for the next week, etc. The pastor's heart sank in discouragement before the exhibition of this self-confidence, but he resolved to give him all moral support possible. The converts did not appear, and the congregations steadily declined in numbers and interest, till, during the second week, the attendance was very small. On the third Sunday evening, *after* the "free-will offering" was taken, the evangelist let loose his ill temper over his failure, and accounted for it by the alleged lack of co-operation on the part of the Church.

His criticism of the Church became abusive, and he cried out, "I wish God would smash your busi-

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ness." Then in the heat of his wrath he repeated, "Yes, I wish—" when the pastor, who was seated on the platform, sprang to his feet, saying, "No! No!" and putting hands upon the evangelist, added, "I wish evil to no man in person or in business, and may God forgive you for wishing it!" "Amen!" responded many voices from the congregation. He tried to cover his un-Christian spirit in a few words, and sat down. The pastor saw him to his room, and if he ever dealt faithfully with any man, it was with that man.

As might be expected, the condition of the Church and of the community was far less promising of revival after than before this man's coming. For a few days the pastor was greatly depressed in spirit. It seemed to him that his plans were defeated. That it was now impossible to rally his people to further effort—to awaken in them any hope or courage. There was one and only one recourse—*The Lord Almighty!* The pastor would inquire of Him, and *wait* till answer came. While waiting, he put himself upon the altar—not in a general way, but as it were in detail and after counting the cost. He plainly foresaw conflict, struggle that cost him dear. No ordinary outlay of effort would avail. If he entered upon it there must be no saving of himself; no working within self-prescribed limits; no drawing back because physical strength was waning; his *life* must go upon the altar. This did not daunt him. He preferred to die in the struggle rather than live to see the

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cause of God in dishonor, and so he unhesitatingly put himself upon God's altar, and prayerfully awaited *divine acceptance and direction*. The Lord heard; He accepted the offering and gave direction. And with it an "infinite calm" possessed his soul; a sense of the divine within and about him; abiding touch with the Lord Jesus—so that there was no need to *stretch* after Him. He lived, and yet not he; it was Christ living in him. Duty was made plain. A plan of work for the beginning was clearly set before him. For eight successive Sabbaths the subject of every sermon was chosen with reference to its bearing on the coming revival, which was in no way advertised. The prayer-meetings were conducted with reference to the same end. In all pastoral relations it was sought to awaken the confidence of the Church in the efficiency of the gospel, and the present ministry of the Holy Spirit. It may not have been discerned by others, but it was apparent to the pastor that many of his people were consciously and unconsciously relying more and more upon the Invisible. These were weeks of intercessory prayer with the pastor, and through his efforts, by teaching, exhortation, and prayer, to help his people to a clearer apprehension of the unseen forces which co-operate with believers in their work for the salvation of souls, his own vision of those forces was wonderfully clarified, and he felt himself encompassed and empowered by them. His faith had become "the *assurance* of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen."

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On January 7, 1900, we began a series of meetings, preaching every evening and giving Bible readings every afternoon. For four weeks these meetings continued with steadily increasing power. There were several conversions, and in each case there were evidences of genuineness. The Church was greatly quickened. The spirit of importunate, intercessory prayer was poured upon several of the workers. The work and soul-burden of the pastor told heavily on his physical endurance, and his condition awakened the fears of many of his people, who urged him to discontinue the meetings lest he break down utterly. His reply was: 'If you would save me from that which you fear, please get under the burden with me. I must push this battle to the gates!' Others who were heartily co-operating with him in the work, themselves under a heavy and taxing burden for souls, *prayed the Lord to strengthen and uphold him*. There were times when he realized that without special divine help his physical strength would give way. At such times, as he reclined in his study chair, he would simply throw his whole being open to the Divine, and, as calmly as he might ask a favor of a friend, he would say: "Lord Jesus, Thou art life and I am death; Thou art strength and I am weakness. Let Thy life and strength flow into this frail body and into my soul that I may do Thy perfect will. This work is Thine. Thou hast called me to it. I trust Thee to help me to do it." And I gratefully bear witness that the Lord did not fail me. As distinctly

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as I ever felt any sensation, I felt the influx of life and strength through my soul and body. There was the thrill of life throughout my entire being. In each instance, at the service following, some of the dear saints said to me, "I know you are better," and then I learned that they had interceded with God on my behalf. I have hesitated to make this record, as it may savor to some of fanaticism, or possibly of boasting, but He whose eye is upon me while I write, knows that I record a fact as distinct in experience and memory as any fact of my life.

During the fourth week of the meetings I was impressed that it was the will of God that two other Churches in the city should be invited to share in the work and blessings of these meetings. I confess that this impression did not accord with my judgment—but, after much prayer, I was satisfied beyond all doubt that it was of the Lord. The invitation was extended, with the approval of the men and women who were active in the meetings, and with the understanding that their pastor should have the direction of the union meetings.

The Churches and their pastors very cordially and gladly accepted the invitation, and from the first the three pastors worked in perfect harmony. It took the people a little time to rightly adjust themselves to the new relations, but there was no friction—and, so far as is known to the writer, there were no criticisms one of the other.

Christian hearts were soon fused into unity, under the gracious influence that brooded over every

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meeting. A solemn sense of the Divine Presence made trifling of every kind impossible, and at the end of the first week we stood together, a company of one accord, expecting and laboring for the salvation of men and women. If there were denominational ambition, any effort or desire—*any strategy*—to win for one's own Church those who rightly belonged to another, it was not apparent. To the writer it seems that such a spirit in those meetings would have been smitten by the sword which proceeded out of the mouth of our Lord and left to hide away from sight of men in the darkness of self-reprobation. But most confidently does he affirm that no such spirit was present.

The great day of the feast was that of the second Sabbath of the meeting. There was the hush of holy awe upon each of the three services. The Baptist pastor preached with great power in the morning. That the Holy Spirit attended the word was not only felt by believers, but written upon the faces of the unconverted. The afternoon service was "for men only." The preacher went to the pulpit prepared to preach what he regarded an appropriate sermon for the occasion. But in reading the Scripture lesson he was led to comment upon it, and as he did so the religious history of the city, as he had gathered it from aged citizens, was unfolded before him—not in the confused form in which he had gathered it, but in the facts correlated as cause and effect. As the vision of the city's deterioration passed before him his soul took alarm.

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Forming part of the fearful pageant were the saloons with their following, the business men who were never seen in God's house; the irreligious, or unreligious teachers of our youth; the multitude who held the Kingdom of God on earth in derision, and the flippant and irreverent formalist who made religion the cloak of covetousness—all these making the city of the future. Who would choose for his children and his children's children an environment such as is in process of making? And who is responsible for the religious and moral condition of the city? Who, if not "we the people?" Which one of us can plead "not guilty" to this indictment? What are we doing—we, men who are accounted honest and upright citizens, who are regarded by our fellow-citizens as among the most influential men in Sycamore,—we, who contribute to the support of religious institutions in our midst, what are we doing to mold the sentiment of the public? With which side do we line up on questions affecting the highest welfare of our city of to-day and to-morrow? When the call is sounded for reform, when the Church consecrates herself to the moral and spiritual uplift of the people; when her ministers, with hearts all but breaking under the burden of responsibility for lost manhood and imperiled youth, unite and bend all their energies to the work of rescue, and in the name and in the spirit of their Lord plead for reinforcements against all unrighteousness, on which side do we take our stand? When the battle is on we can not escape identification with one side or

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the other. Where are we identified? You and I? To which side, if not ourselves in the strife, do we give aid and sympathy? We, who lived in the sixties, remember the men whose attitude during those years of struggle was that of criticism of the Union forces and evil prophecies for our cause, and who by that attitude gave sympathy and aid to the enemy. And we remember the title by which such men were known, and by which once honored names are made forever infamous in history. Over mountains and plains, great seas and mighty rivers echoes in our ears to-day, "He that is *not with Me is against Me.*" For Me, or against Me! O Jesus, that any man should be against Thee! Against Thee, who alone of all in earth and heaven could bridge the gulf which sin opened twixt us and God, and who by Thy slain body didst freely bridge it, so that e'en a dying thief passed over into the joys of Paradise—that any one of us should one moment more be against Thee! Pour down upon us the Pentecostal power of conviction! Make us to see ourselves, our ingratitude and sin in the awful light of eternity! Men, neighbors, friends, hear me to-day. I come in the Master's name. I come with mind and heart, with voice and hand, no longer mine, but His—given to Him to-day anew, for Him to use as He will. I am moved to come to you, in His name. It is not in my name, nor simply as a minister, nor of my personal impulse only, that I come. I come that He through me may look into your faces, and that with my voice He may ask you

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to accept Him as your Savior and Lord. You know me as your neighbor and friend, and I am glad to be such, but it is not as such that I come to-day. It is by the movement of our Lord Himself within me that I come. Think not at all of me, but only of Him who laid down His life for you. If in bodily presence He were before you with extended hand, would you clasp it in pledge of life-long loyalty to His will? Then take this hand in such a pledge—not as mine, but as His.” Thus the preacher passed through the aisles. It was an hour of awful solemnity. Some clasped the extended hand. Others shook their heads while tears ran down their faces. He came to a prominent citizen and paused with extended hand, saying, “In His Name.” But the man hesitated—then in a voice shaken with emotion, he said, “You know, Doctor, that I love you, but I can not take your hand on the terms you have made.” And the preacher replied, “Then you refuse, do you, to join hands with your Lord, though you would not refuse the hand of your friend?” No student of moral nature will be surprised that this man’s life subsequently went out in darkness. Let this be added—never before nor since has that preacher been moved to do a thing like that, but he is very sure he was moved by the Spirit to do it then.

The service that followed in the evening was one of victory for our Lord. The pastor of the Congregational Church preached to an audience that packed the church. And the power of the Holy

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Spirit was upon him. As he was about to close, the Methodist pastor said, "Give the invitation yourself, please." The response was prompt and glorious. Over forty persons arose and came forward for prayers. It was the crowning hour of many weeks of faithful work.

The week following was one of blessing, and a few more converted. The next Sabbath the Methodist pastor preached the evening sermon on the text, "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life." It was a searching sermon attended by a gracious influence of the Holy Spirit, but it was clear to the pastors that the special meetings should be closed. During the seven weeks of two daily meetings between ninety and one hundred souls sought and, as we trust, found the Savior. It was in that work that the writer was forever disabled, physically, for revival work. He was willing to pay that price, and has never regretted it for a moment. He entered upon the work with the premonition that it would be his last. He was privileged however, to serve in the pastorate six years longer before entering upon educational work.

There is no other work in the calling of the ministry that makes as heavy draft on nerve and vital forces, as does the conduct of a revival. It is not that the preacher must deliver from seven to fifteen sermons each week, and in most cases must prepare these sermons in outline—it is not this that tests his power of endurance. It is the *soul burden* which he must carry—the burden not alone of the

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unsaved—but of his people who ought themselves to be burdened for the salvation of sinners, but who often seem to feel no personal responsibility for this work. Many times in the writer's experience his strength has been almost exhausted before there was any show of a break in the ranks of the unconverted, and it has seemed clear to him that if the Church had promptly rallied to his support, the number of conversions had been much larger than they were. However, there has always (with one exception) been this to comfort him; when the Church has finally rallied the break in the ranks of the unconverted quickly followed, and the work of revival seemed to culminate in a relatively short time. But is it not a sad necessity, and one for which an account must be given, that a pastor must wear out his strength in rallying Christians to the work of evangelism?

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For six months, after the close of what the fathers wisely called the "protracted meeting," the writer held each Monday evening a meeting with the converts. The purpose of this meeting was threefold—to instruct them as to the meaning of the vows they would be required to make when they were received in full connection with our Church; to encourage them in the habit of public prayer and testimony, and to help them to attain a broader and deeper Christian experience. The meeting was helpful to both pastor and probationers. When

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the time arrived to receive them into "full connection," the pastor felt it to be his duty to discontinue this meeting. They were no longer "probationers," and their place would henceforth be in the regular meetings of the Church, but he took this action against his own desire and that of the class. He knew that those whose age would put them in the Epworth League would miss the freedom of the Probationer's meeting, as would the older ones in the mid-week meeting, and he feared that the restraint imposed by the changed environment would break the half-formed habit of bearing part in the service. How perfectly the old-time class-meeting would have met the situation! But in many of our Churches, with the Epworth League and the numerous societies demanded by the advance movement of the denomination, there seems little if any room for the class-meeting. The situation emphasizes the duty of the pastor by personal touch and counsel to encourage and call out the activities of the recently converted.

CENSORIOUSNESS CORRECTED

Early in his Sycamore pastorate the writer unwittingly encouraged the censorious spirit in the Church. He thought he saw what he had found in every Church he had served, more or less of the spirit of worldliness on the part of many of the members. In all kindness and charitableness, and in general terms, he had in several discourses sought

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to impress the truth that the world spirit is incompatible with Christian growth and development. He spoke of instances in which he had observed the decline of the Christian virtues in those who had admitted the spirit of the world into their lives. On this it seemed that certain of the saints felt encouraged to confess for others the sin of certain amusements, and to condemn with severity those who indulged in them. The things which they specified were by no means approved by the pastor, and he had privately sought to dissuade those who indulged in them from continuing to do so. But his conception of worldliness was too broad to be limited to a few amusements concerning the evil of which the "holy catholic Church" has delivered no consentient judgment. "The love of the world," or the world spirit, if less tangible than an amusement, is far more inclusive. Perhaps there is no other one thing that comes as near to being the equivalent of the world spirit as does covetousness. Surely there is no more universal sin than this—none that has wrought so great injustice and cruelty in the world, and none that clings more tenaciously to the soul that strives for better and nobler things. Uncharitableness is another trait of the world spirit. What mischief has hasty judgment done in the world and in the Church! And how often do well-meaning but imperfectly taught Christians assume the ermine and hastily condemn a brother, while all unconscious that beneath the ermine throbs a covetous heart.

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When the revival meetings began there were some dear souls who were burdened about the amusement-loving members and felt constrained to testify and publicly pray in regard to these things. The pastor saw that this would work injury to all concerned, and with much prayer he waited for the hour to strike when, without hurt to these really spiritually-minded souls, he could wisely ask them to desist from further reference in public or in private to these things. The hour came when he knew that he was in an unusual degree under the power of the Holy Spirit, and that God had given him unusual power with his people. He dismissed the meeting, requesting all workers to tarry for a short conference. He then spoke freely and kindly of the situation, and tried to show them that criticism of our people did not tend to sweeten our own spirit nor increase our power to help those whose habits in some respects did not accord with our conviction of what was right. Let us rather, neither in public or in private, criticise any one. If their walk is not what we would have it, let us pray for them in secret, and try not to think of the things that have offended us. In this way we will come to love them more, and as our love increases our power in prayer will increase, and our ability to help them and the work in which we are engaged will become greater. We will please our Lord most by seeking to help, and we can help most by kindness, by confidence in the good intentions of those who in some things are not doing as well as we would have them.

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Then the pastor asked those who would join him in this plan of work to stand. *And all arose.* The result was that we all kept our pledge, and the spirit of our meetings was that of our Lord. Later a gifted lady of another Church, who felt it her mission to "hew to the line," arose in one of our meetings to prophesy that God would not bless our efforts till we ceased to make His house a house of merchandise—till we put away the abomination of suppers in the house of the Lord, etc. When she was seated, the pastor remarked that our sister did not understand that we had covenanted to put away all criticism and hasty judgment of our fellow Christians and cherish nothing in our hearts but charity, love, and kindness. She would observe our wishes in this matter if she were to worship with us again, as we hoped she would. At the close of that meeting, some who a few weeks before would have regarded that lady's speech with great favor came to the pastor and said: "I saw the truth of your teaching to-day as never before. Such criticism hurts the spirit of a meeting." It might have been said such criticism grieves the Holy Spirit away from a meeting.

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The memories of life in Sycamore are very precious to the writer. He was the recipient of many, very many kindnesses during the five years which he spent with that people. And he loved them dearly. Is it not true that we always come to love those

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whom we seek to serve? During those years the pastor was called to minister the 'comforts of our holy religion in more homes of his own people that were shadowed by bereavement than on any other charge of his long ministry. On his first Sabbath, as he looked over his congregation, his thought was, How many of these people will it be my sad duty to lay away to their long sleep? He has seldom addressed an audience so large a proportion of which were aged men and women.

Pastoral sympathy in times of bereavement, or sorrow from any cause, binds him who gives and those who receive in the mighty bonds of holy love. We never forget or cease to care for him who, when the light of the home went out, came and sat in the darkened world beside us and just suffered with us. He may have spoken or may have been silent, but he *felt*, and we knew it. The loquacious comforter—he who reels off platitudes intertwined with false conceptions of God's relations to our sorrow, or he who belittles our loss by telling of one greater than our own—knows little of the human heart, and less of how to heal its wounds. But sympathy! The kind that enters into another's suffering, that knows what heartbreak is, and in Christlike compassion weeps with those who have a right to weep—this helps, this comforts. The pastor, who like his Lord is "touched with a feeling" of the sorrows of his people, who enters the home despoiled of its treasure with a deep sense of personal loss through the loss suffered by those to whom he would minister

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in Jesus' name, makes himself forever their friend, binds them to himself forever as with hooks of steel, and may help them to a transforming vision of the infinitely loving God.

There were many friendships, deepened and sanctified under the cypress shadow, which still endure and ever will. Some of them when the pastor himself was called to enter the lonely way, and the people became his ministers of comfort and consolation. It was when *she* was called to higher service in the autumn of 1900, who had walked with him for more than thirty-five years of an itinerant ministry through paths sometimes rough, but mostly flower-strewn. Four years before, when sending forth a volume of his dreams of the land "Beyond the Horizon," he said of her in its dedication, "*To my wife in affectionate acknowledgment of a love that has never wavered, a sympathy that has never failed, and a devotion that has never tired in effort to sustain my courage, exalt my ideals, and stimulate me to a holy ministry.*" When the clouds lowered upon the lonely traveler there was one path and only one that was not dark—the *narrow way* that leads upward to God and immortality—that was illumined by promise as never before and by the brightness of her going. All others—the paths of earthly tasks and joys were dark, but their darkness was shot through by gleams of sympathy from the hearts of loving friends. Never since then has he repeated what before he had sometimes said, "There are sorrows which human sympathy can not soften."

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There are none such. Thank God! Many have been the prayers sent up from a grateful heart through all the succeeding years on behalf of those to whom he gave in their need and from whom he received in his need the sweet ministry of Christian sympathy. There is no gift in the power of a Christian soul more divine than this. Loving sympathy is God's greatest gift, and from it springs all redemptive power and help. It was the force behind the incarnation and the stupendous sacrifice of God in Christ. It is the heart of every providence, of all leading, byways sunlit or dark. "God is Love," and love is sympathy drawing up close to suffering and taking on itself the cross of another's pain. "Bear ye one another's burden and so fulfill the law of Christ."

CHAPTER XII

TRANSFERRED TO COLUMBIA RIVER CONFERENCE

IN September, 1902, by request of its Official Board, the writer was transferred to the Columbia River Conference, and appointed to the pastorate of Vincent Church, in the city of Spokane, Washington. Chief among the considerations influencing him to unite with this Church in requesting this appointment was the prospect of an extended ministry effected by the complete change of climate. The rigorous winters of the Middle West had tested and somewhat reduced his health and recuperative energy. His expectation was realized by the change. He found the moderate temperature of Spokane invigorating.

Those were serious days which were divided between packing goods and saying last things. True, he had chosen to go, but are not our choices always made in uncertainty of what they may involve? Is there not something in us that conjures up all manner of possibilities when we have reached a fork in the road of life? A perfect faith may commit our way unto the Lord. Happy the man of such a faith. I think I have it—at least, in such measure as that for many years I have made no final decision in any matter relating to my usefulness without

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prayerful consideration. But is it more modest in us than in the Pope of Rome to assume infallibility? It surely is not wise to *worry* about the outcome of that which is already decided. But may we not prayerfully seek to forecast the future, and thus prepare ourselves against a surprise which might unman us? The most glowing reports of Spokane as a city, and of the Vincent Church people had been made to me, and I deemed it prudent to attribute much of these to an enthusiasm *for one's own* which makes exactness of representation almost impossible to human nature. Whatever might be the unknown to which I was going, there was much that I was going *out from*. There was the group of friends gathered in and near Chicago during fifteen years of my ministry there. There were the larger groups of life-long friends in New York and New England. Touch with these, between whom and myself mountains piled and plains and deserts stretched, could at best be only at long intervals, and in time perhaps cease altogether. Places sanctified by the sweet memories of boyhood, by the best endeavors of manhood and by the sleeping dust of kindred and dear ones, were to be left behind and perhaps never visited again. The heart that would not ache at such a time is not one to be coveted. It can be capable of neither love nor friendship. We do not blush to record the fact that our heart ached, though reason and conscience approved our decision to go.

The good-byes were spoken, and the train was

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bearing us on our long journey westward. Our little party consisted of three: my niece, Miss Elizabeth McBain Best, a daughter of my sister long years before deceased, and named first for her mother and second for my mother, who had kindly come early in my sorrow to alleviate my loneliness and whose comradeship brought to me a wealth of comfort; and myself. Who was the third party? His name was Charles Kimball, and he was very proud of the name. When we reached St. Paul, and were about to enter the state-room which had been wired reserved for us to Spokane, the conductor objected to Charles sharing the room with us. Foolish man, he did not know Charles' place in the family and that the room had been engaged especially for his comfort. For twenty years he had shared with us the comforts of the home which had been built in six different parsonages, and like other members of the household to him home was with the family, and it mattered little where, in this house or that, or on rail train—but to be separated, that meant heartbreak to him. So the preacher fought it out with the conductor—took possession of the state-room and held it against protest. Charles was content, and as we retired cheerfully bade us "Good night!" and on rising next day greeted us with a cheery "Good morning!"

Charles' mental gifts were limited. His vocabulary consisted of only about one hundred and fifty words, but he showed a good degree of intelligence in so combining them as to express his varied moods

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of thought and feeling. His first word was spoken when he was only a few months old, and that word was "everywhere." He was very proud of his achievement, and repeated the word in perfect imitation of the preacher's voice. In a few weeks he was telling the story of "Mary's little lamb," and next, though a native of Africa, he was glorying in "Yankee Doodle." His improvement was rapid now, catching words and phrases and making new and amusing combinations. Notwithstanding his pagan origin, he was very reverent when "grace" was said at table. Taking his place on the floor of his cage, he would stand silent and with bowed head. One day he forgot to do this, but the instant offering of thanks began he exclaimed, "Why!" and, throwing himself from his perch, he bowed his head as usual. The laughter which followed offended him, and he never took the reverent attitude again.

A lady book-agent was seeking to impress the preacher that the book for which she was canvassing was vitally important to his usefulness. Charles, from an adjoining room, had been quietly listening. When the lady paused for breath he called out in a strong, masculine voice, "You are a humbug, you know you are! You are a fraud!" The lady arose indignant, and the preacher had no little difficulty in convincing her that it was a parrot that had spoken. Charles relieved the situation by saying in caressing, masculine tones, "Charles Kimball is a nice, pretty boy." At a meeting of Methodist pas-

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tors in our home the following occurred: The chairman had put several questions for action by the meeting, each time using the same form. Charles had maintained quiet in an adjoining room, interested as always in what was going on. The chairman hesitated after this fashion, "All in favor of this motion will—a—" when Charles called out distinctly, "Say I." There was a roar of laughter, for every man understood him perfectly. This bird was in our home from August, 1882, to December, 1910. At the latter date he was found dead in his cage one morning. For twenty-eight years I observed him daily, and came to feel that instinct is a word that covers a multitude of ignorances. It stands for phenomena which in humans are called thought, feeling, and choice. As the stretch between the human and the divine mind though infinite is consistent with the image of God in the human faculties, so the narrower limits of the animal do not justify the denial of likeness to man in respect of mental faculties.

Hoping the reader will pardon this digression, we will hasten to Spokane, though the train disregarded its time-table. We rolled into the city, September 13, 1902, at 2.30 A. M. A committee met us and we were driven to a hotel. It should be stated that I had requested to be placed at the hotel, at my own expense, till other arrangements could be made. Before evening of this first day we were located in the beautiful home of one of the Vincent Church families, where we remained till a parsonage

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was secured. The day after our arrival was Sunday, when it was my privilege to look into the faces of the Vincent people. That was not an altogether pleasant day to the pastor, nor is there reason to believe it was to the people. A reception was announced for a mid-week evening. The *men* had assumed all responsibility for the occasion, and it goes without saying what sort of an occasion it was. Men are good in their place, but not worth much out of it. It was soon evident that this good people were vastly better than their first showing. Indeed, the mystery of that showing has deepened with each year of acquaintance with them. Very possibly the pastor's early impression was largely resultant from contrasts with former experiences. He missed the practical helpfulness to which he had been accustomed on going to new charges in the East; the interest of the people in getting him pleasantly located, and as quickly as possible. He missed the neat and attractive "vestry" of the New England Church—or the "lecture-room" of the Middle West. The auditorium was pleasant, but the basement was repellent. When at the first prayer-meeting he found himself one of fourteen souls assembled for worship in an uncarpeted and untidy room, his enthusiasm was not kindled. In short, he had to learn that the "Inland Empire" was yet in process of making, and in no particular was this more apparent than in the "workshops" of the Churches. He wondered how the people could be drawn into the unattractive basement for the mid-week meeting. He be-

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gan a series of lectures, first on "The Lord's Prayer," and second on "The Apostolic Church." The meeting opened on the stroke of the clock with a short invocation, followed by a twenty or thirty-minute lecture which he tried to pack with thought and enthusiasm. Then the prayer-meeting proper, closing sharp on the hour. The result was encouraging both in respect of attendance and spiritual interest. A good brother printed and circulated cards of invitation to these meetings, the response to which was gratifying. While gratefully recording these facts, we yet believe that the same outlay of effort would have secured larger results if the room in which the meetings were held had been more inviting. People whose homes are fitted with every modern convenience and artistically decorated and furnished are not attracted by primitive conditions. While we yield to no man in appreciation of a great pipe organ in public worship if the alternative were such an instrument and a prayer room barren of everything home-like, or a reed organ in the auditorium, and a prayer-room of modern comfort and beauty, we would unhesitatingly choose the latter. Among several things to be done if we would build up the mid-week meeting in the Churches of the Pacific Northwest are, first, to provide a room suitable to the refined taste of the twentieth century in which to hold it; and secondly, to make its exercises both instructive and inspirational. The first must be provided by the

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laity, the second by the pastor, who will need to prepare himself, mind and heart, for leadership.

Early in the following spring, by the generous gift of \$2,000 by an Eastern friend of the pastor, who later became a member of Vincent Church, it was made possible to lift a mortgage from the property, and on one Sunday morning in May a bond and mortgage of \$7,000 were burned in the presence of a large congregation.

The revival problem in Vincent Church was more than usually difficult. The church was located in the business center of the city. The homes of the people, most of them, were so remote as to make return to the center after the evening dinner somewhat of a hardship. The pastor thus found himself practically shut up to the ordinary methods of Church work during the first year.

June 1, 1903, this pastor was united in marriage with Mrs. Luella D. Eastman, a lady much his junior, a resident from childhood of Oak Park, a beautiful residential suburb of Chicago, and for many years an intelligent and successful worker of our Church there. It may be permitted me, without violation of a true standard of good taste, to say, what those who know her would promptly affirm, that she has few equals in her devotion to her home, in consecration of time, means, and labor to the interests of the Redeemer's Kingdom, in the skill and tireless industry with which she prosecutes her work, in the tactful way by which friction in

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associate work is avoided, and the cheerful optimism which she imparts out of her strong and trustful personality. To her, under God, I owe most of what has been beautiful in my home-life and serviceable in my public life during the last eight years.

It would be my pleasure to write more freely of these things, but a proper regard for her sensitive modesty restrains me.

On the evening of our wedding-day we started for our new home in the Far West. We were both alike eager to reach as soon as possible the field of our future united labors. Let the journey pass without record. We were naturally less interested in the country through which we passed than in each other and in the life-work awaiting us. On the evening after our arrival a reception at the church was given us. As we were ushered into the auditorium, we found it transformed into a bower of wonderful beauty. The seats had been removed. A section of the large room was partitioned off by a screen of evergreens and flowers, where refreshments were served. Nothing had been overlooked which in any way could express the cordiality of the welcome. The greetings, formal and informal, were without the chill of the overdone—frank, warm, cheery, sincere; one of the most delightful social functions of my life.

The pastor had already found his people thoroughly appreciative and responsive to his every effort to serve them in the gospel. It was a joy to

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serve them unsurpassed in a pastoral experience of more than forty years. O, the joy! the *joy*, the *JOY* of the pastoral life!

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I had entered upon the pastorate of Vincent Church with the firm conviction that I would never sustain that relation to another Church. I had just reached my sixty-first birthday, and it was my impression that when my work in this Church would be completed I could better serve the Master by the use of my pen than in the pastorate.

I had long believed that any minister of studious habits and consecration to his work ought to find himself at the eventide of life in possession of such matured convictions on subjects connected with his life-mission as impose an obligation to transmit them to his younger brethren. Though his life were obscure and his abilities less than great, it yet might be his high privilege to inspire some who lived after him with visions of truth which had been given him in personal encounter with error. It may be, and we think it is true, that "what is true is not new, and what is new is not true," in the realm of essential Christianity. It remains, however, that truth in experience has an almost infinite adaptability to the varied mental and spiritual types of mind, and he who has put the formulas of truth into the crucible of experience may bring them forth to the greater help of minds of his own type. If only great men were to write our books, the multitude would practically be without literature. In

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my boyhood ministry my mother presented me with an ancient book entitled, "Hinton's Harmony." It was an attempt at a rational presentation of the great central doctrines of Christianity. It was the first and evidently only edition of that book. To me in my immaturity it was a mine of precious treasure, and in the future life I hope to meet its author and thank him for the great service which he rendered me through that book, yet it was not a great book. Had it been it could not have met my need at the time as fully as it did. I was helped by it to something like a definite conception of the truths treated, and to a better appreciation of later studies. This and similar experiences awakened the desire to speak through the printed page when my voice can no longer raise the cry, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world."

* * * * *

With this forecast of the work of the not distant future, it was decided to build for ourselves a home in Spokane, in which to spend the years of our united life. Late in February, 1904, we entered a "home beautiful," which was planned not alone for our personal comfort, but also as a place of assembly for the young people and the various societies of the Church. We found it true that they who plan for the good of others plan most wisely for themselves, for not a little of our happiness in that home came to us through the frequent gatherings in the interest of the social life and Christian work of our people.

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There was and had been in all the relations of the pastor with this people the most delightful harmony. All the services of the Church were well sustained. The prayer-meeting had for long time been well attended and spiritually very helpful. Indeed, the uplifting influence of these meetings was frequent subject of comment. The increase of membership, some by conversion, but chiefly by certificate, if not as numerous as desired, was continuous. The pastor was now well entered on his third year, and as yet there had been no work which could properly be designated as a revival. He had himself been converted in the heat of revival conditions. He had rejoiced in leading such work in most of the Churches he had served, and he believed from wide observation that the life and power of the Church has come chiefly through the agency of revivals, and that the ranks of the Christian ministry have received their mightiest reinforcements through the same agency. The men in our pulpits whose message has carried the note of certainty and urgency have been those who caught that note under the descending fire of a spiritual Pentecost. This may have been at the time of conversion or later, but in either case it has been under conditions like those of the Pentecostal baptism. It has been our observation that these conditions usually include united and persistent prayer, culminating in a commanding and triumphant faith in response to which the Holy Spirit is poured out, witnessing the fact of pardon and empowering the spiritual

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nature to discern spiritual things, and to rule over the animal nature. And this commanding faith, in response to which is realized such definite experience of the saving and sanctifying power of God, is most frequently attained under conditions of associate prayer. The disciples "were all with one accord in one place," when "they were all filled with the Holy Spirit." Like conditions have usually preceded those positive experiences which give the ring of certainty and genuineness to Christian testimony. And it is testimony that the world needs—a witnessing to facts known in experience. It needs teaching as well, but teaching without the note of certainty—without the "I know whom I have believed"—has little convincing power.

With these convictions, it was impossible for this pastor to be satisfied short of the most strenuous effort to realize his ideal of a minister's mission. Conscious of his own physical inability to conduct successfully a revival campaign, he had for long time been on the outlook for some one to come to his aid. Providentially, as it seemed, he learned that Rev. J. H. Robinson, of Paterson, New Jersey, was available. After inquiry as to the teaching and methods of this evangelist, the membership was requested one Sunday morning to meet the pastor in the lecture-room at the close of the service. A very gracious influence was upon all, and the pastor was unanimously requested to engage Mr. Robinson. Accompanied by Mrs. Robinson, a very excellent Christian worker, Mr. Robinson began

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his work with us Sunday morning, January 22, 1905, holding two services daily till February 5th, when, to the grief of us all, he was taken seriously ill of pneumonia, and passed to his reward February 14th. After a brief service on the following day the heart-broken but divinely sustained widow started on her sad journey for her home.

That night the pastor was taken ill, and was unable to occupy his pulpit for five weeks. Through this strange and mysterious providence the purpose of the meetings was defeated. Mr. Robinson was a man of Christly spirit, and especially adapted in methods of work to lead the Vincent people to glorious victory. Indeed, we seemed to have reached a point from which faith saw the gathering clouds about to break in showers of blessing when our leader sickened and died. The illness of the pastor immediately following made the discontinuance of the meetings imperative. Personally, the writer has never had an experience wrapped in such impenetrable mystery as this. He is thankful, however, to be able to say with undiminished confidence, "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure." If we can not see the wisdom of every ordering or permission of events, we yet hold that there is wisdom in every such ordering or permission.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

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While our purpose was not realized in these meetings, we can not know the measure of their influence upon the character and life of our people. The evangelist, more by the sweet serenity of his spirit than by his apostolic teaching, brought us into closer touch with our Lord. Said a lady who saw him on the street car one day, not knowing who he was, but impressed by his kindly face and bearing: "A saint has come to Spokane. I saw him on the car this afternoon, and I am sure he is a saint." She voiced the confidence which his simple presence inspired in the minds of many. It is hardly thinkable that the daily ministry of such a man for two weeks could fail of making a lasting impression for good upon those who heard him.

* * * * *

The following summer the basement of the church was remodeled, decorated, and furnished, giving us modern and attractive rooms for our work. These improvements were not without effect on the attendance and spirit of all our gatherings—the mid-week meetings, Epworth League, and other societies. And they also gave added helpfulness and cheer to the pastor in his work. The effect of material environment upon all forms of life and service is not insignificant. God, who makes all things beautiful in their time, would surely have us beautify our environment. The "beauty of holiness" should impart beauty to its surroundings.

CONCLUSION

CALLED TO FOUND A SCHOOL OF THE- OLOGY AT SALEM, OREGON

EARLY in January, 1906, I was requested by Rev. J. H. Coleman, D. D., president of Willamette University, to undertake the founding of a college of theology in connection with the university. I had been deeply impressed, on early acquaintance with the work of our Church in this vast region, that such an institution located somewhere on the Pacific Coast was among the greatest needs of our Methodism if we were to maintain our place in the van of Christian conquest. It had also seemed that Salem, Oregon, was for many reasons the most advantageous point for the establishment of such an institution. But it was quite as evident that a suitable building for the work was a prerequisite to the success of the undertaking. Mrs. Kimball took a similar view of the situation. After prayerful consideration she came to feel that as the institution was clearly necessary to the full mission of our Church the building for it ought to be provided, and that this need was perhaps God's call to her. After canvassing the question with President Coleman, the next morning she offered to donate a building to be used forever for the purposes of a theological school of the Methodist Episcopal

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Church. The proposition of Dr. Coleman thus presented a new aspect, and seemed to open an opportunity to do for our Church in the Pacific Northwest a greatly needed service. When therefore on January 31, 1906, the Board of Trustees of Willamette University elected me dean of the prospective institution, which they named "Kimball College of Theology," it seemed to be clearly my duty to accept the honor with its great responsibility. In a few words, expressive of my profound sense of the greatness of the task to which I was called and its vital relation to the success of our Church, I cordially consented to undertake the work and announced that my services would be given without salary.

The building was completed in time for the opening of the first semester, September 25, 1906. It was dedicated October 1st, by Bishop Henry W. Warren, D. D., LL. D., in the presence of the Oregon Annual Conference.

At this writing we are completing the fifth year of its history. Over sixty candidates for the ministry have been under our instruction for a longer or shorter time. The first class of eleven young men was graduated in 1910, four of whom received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. A larger number than before are taking a course in Willamette preparatory to entering the College of Theology. A higher ideal of ministerial qualification is among the indirect benefits conferred by this institution upon the Northwest Conferences. Our

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Faculty consists of three professors, whose work is supplemented by two Willamette professors in lines common to the university and the college of theology.

A sense of high opportunity and duty brought me to this work, but I have found in it an unutterable joy springing out of a profound conviction of the essential truths of Christianity wrought in me by the test of experience and mentally formulated by years of study. This conviction gives freedom in class-room discussion unrestrained by doubts that it might be inexpedient to express. The years of a student's preparation for the ministry should confirm a genuine faith in the gospel he is to preach, and deepen and broaden his experience of the all-sufficient grace of God to save unto the uttermost. This is the mission of our school, and may it stand or fall according as it fulfills or neglects its mission.

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As I sit penning these words, the heart that has felt the pressure of many a sorrow quickens its throbs under the magic touch of sacred memories. I am not sad to-night. But out from the past—the distant and the near—come forms and faces of those I have loved and will love forever. They gather about me untouched by Time—the same as in the years ago. I welcome their coming. Some of them come from the far-away school days; some from the Churches I have served, and *some from*

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heaven. Dear friends, I thank you all for coming to-night. Shall we not enter into a covenant to meet by and by at "high eternal noon," amid the unwasting beauties and in the endless fellowship of Paradise? Till then, come often and brighten an evening hour in the spacious room of Memory.

For the present, Farewell! For the future, All Hail!

